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Caledonian Edition

THE COUNTRY OF

Sir Walter Scott

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

SMAILHOLM

THE COUNTRY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

BY

CHARLES S. OLCOTT

Author of George Eliot: Scenes and People of Her Novels

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR

VOLUME I

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TO

MY WIFE

THE COMPANION OF MY TRAVELS

TO WHOSE SYMPATHETIC COÖPERATION I AM

INDEBTED FOR MUCH OF THE MATERIAL

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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INTRODUCTION

On the first day of May, 1911, we began our exploration of the 'Scott Country.' I say *we*, because I was accompanied by the companion of a much longer journey, of which that year was the twenty-fifth milestone. Whether from reasons of sentiment resulting from the near approach of our silver anniversary, or because of more prosaic geographical considerations, we began at the place where Walter Scott discovered that he would be likely to see more of the beauty of life if he were equipped with two pairs of eyes rather than one. This was at the village of Gilsland, in the north of England, where the poet first met the companion who was to share the joys and sorrows of the best years of his life. A pony and dogcart took us clattering up to the top of the hill, where, leaving our conveyance, we started down the glen to the banks of the river Irthing. Here the camera promptly responded to the call of a beautiful view and the first exposure was made: — a gently flowing stream of shallow water, scarcely covering the rocky bed of the river; a pleasant path along the bank, well shaded from the sun; and a slender little waterfall in the distance; — the same scene which so often met the eyes of Walter Scott and his future bride as they strolled along the stream in their 'courting' days.

This was the beginning of a tour which eventually led into nearly every county of Scotland, as far north as the Shetland Islands, and through a large part of England

and Wales. We went wherever we thought we might find a beautiful or an interesting picture, connected in some way with the life of Sir Walter, or mentioned by him in some novel or poem. Knowing that he had derived his inspiration from an intimate knowledge of the country, we sought to follow his footsteps so far as possible. Months of preparation had been devoted to the work before leaving home. Every novel and poem had to be read, besides many books of reference, including, of course, Lockhart's *Life*, for it would not have been safe to trust to the recollections of earlier reading. Notes were made of the places to be sought, and two large maps were prepared on which I marked circles with a red pencil around all points which I thought ought to be visited, until my maps began to look as though they were suffering from a severe attack of measles. Then the route was laid out by 'centres.' The first was Carlisle, then Dumfries, Melrose, Edinburgh, Berwick, Glasgow, Stirling, Callander, the Trossachs, Oban, and so on until the entire country had been covered. From each 'centre' as a convenient point of departure we explored the country in many directions, visiting so far as possible every scene of the novels and poems that could be identified.

It was surprising to find so many of these scenes exactly as Sir Walter had described them. The mountains and valleys, the rivers, lakes, and waterfalls, the wild ruggedness of the seaside cliffs, the quaint little old-fashioned villages, the ruined castles and abbeys, all brought back memories of the romances which he had so charmingly set amidst these scenes. It was like actually *living* the Waverley Novels to see them. And in seeing

them, we came to know, on intimate terms, Sir Walter himself; to feel the genial influence of his presence as if he were a fellow traveller, and to love him as his companions had done a century ago.

But our constant purpose was to do more than this. With the help of the camera we sought to catch something of the spirit of the scenery and to bring it home with us, in the hope that those who have never seen the 'Scott Country' might at least have a few glimpses of it, and that those who have seen all or a part of it, might find in these views a pleasant reminder of what must have been a happy experience.

There is no occasion to add at the present time to the volume of literary criticism of such well-known novels and poems as those of Scott, nor is it possible to add any material facts to his biography. This book makes no such claim. It does not attempt to retell the romances, except in so far as may be necessary to explain their connexion with the scenery or to introduce the 'original' of some well-known character. If a glimpse of the novelist's genial face is seen now and then, it is because his spirit pervades every nook and corner of bonnie Scotland, and it would be impossible for appreciative eyes to view the scenery without seeing something of the man whose genius has added so greatly to its charm.

If this book shall add to the pleasure of any of the readers of Sir Walter Scott by bringing them into the atmosphere of his novels and poems, and so a little nearer to the kindly personality of the man, its purpose will have been fulfilled.

THE COUNTRY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

CHAPTER I

THE 'MAKING' OF SIR WALTER

'He was makin' himsel' a' the time, but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed; at first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun.'

In these expressive words, Robert Shortreed, who guided Walter Scott on the celebrated 'raids' into the Liddesdale country, correctly summarized the youth and early manhood of the future poet and novelist. Scott was thirty-four years old when the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' appeared, and had reached the mature age of forty-three before he published the first of the Waverley Novels. But from early childhood he was busily engaged, with more or less conscious purpose, in gathering the materials for his future work.

It is the purpose of this chapter to show, by a brief survey of these preparatory years, how he acquired that intimate knowledge of human nature that enabled him to record so truthfully and with such real sympathy the thoughts and feelings, the hopes and fears, the manners of life, the dress, the conversation, and the personal peculiarities of people of every degree, from Mary, Queen of Scots, to Meg Merrilies, the Queen of the

Gipsies; from the lordly Earl of Montrose down to the humblest of the Children of the Mist. It will also aim to suggest something of the method by which he learned to paint such charming pictures of ancient castles and ruined abbeys, of princes' palaces and fishermen's cottages, of rocky shores and wild paths through the woods, of rivers, lakes, and mountains, and all the other elements that make up the varied and beautiful scenery of Scotland and England.

In the hilly country south of Edinburgh, standing alone on a high rock, is an old feudal tower called Smailholm. Outlined against the western sky, in the glow of a summer sunset, it seemed to us like a proud and beautiful capital letter 'I,' saying with some emphasis on the personal pronoun, '*I* am a thing of some importance.' We forgave the egotism, for the old tower really is important, marking the very beginning of Walter Scott's career, the spot where he received his first poetic impulse. Here at the age of three years, he rolled about on the rocks with the sheep and lambs as if he were one of them. He had been brought to Sandy Knowe, the home of his grandfather, in an effort to save his life, for he had been a sickly child, and six brothers and sisters had died in infancy, so that his parents were naturally more than anxious. The life out of doors soon brought a marked improvement, and except for the lameness, which never left him, the boy became healthy and vigorous. He was attended by an old shepherd, known as the 'cow-bailie,' who had a great fund of Border stories, to which the lad listened eagerly.

A devoted aunt, Miss Janet Scott, who lived at the farm, often read to him stories of Bible heroes and of the

great men of Scottish history. From a few volumes of miscellaneous poetry which the family chanced to own, she read some Scottish ballads which quickly seized upon his childish fancy. He was especially fond of historical tales, and under the shadow of the old tower he used to marshal the armies of Scotland and England, fighting their battles with mimic forces of pebbles and shells, and always ending the conflict with the complete rout of the English and the triumph of the Scottish arms. One day he was missed during a violent thunderstorm, and the household set out in search of him. He was found lying on his back on the rocks, kicking his heels in the air and clapping his hands with delight as he watched the vivid lightning; and as one flash followed another, each more brilliant than the one before, he would shout, 'Bonnie! Bonnie!! Dae it again! Dae it again!' I like to think of this scene as symbolic; as a prophecy of the time, soon to come, when the lad, grown to manhood, would be sending out flash after flash of his genius while the whole world looked on in delight, shouting, 'Bonnie! Bonnie!! Dae it again! Dae it again!'

How much the old tower of Smailholm really had to do with Scott's earliest poetic fancy he has himself told in a touching reference in the Introduction to the Third Canto of 'Marmion': —

> And still I thought that shattered tower
> The mightiest work of human power,
> And marvelled as the aged hind
> With some strange tale bewitched my mind.

He made it the setting of one of his earliest poems, 'The Eve of St. John,' and probably had it in mind, when

writing 'The Monastery' and 'The Abbot,' as the original of Avenel Castle. Smailholm was once surrounded by water, all of which has been drained off except a very small portion on the eastern side. With the addition of the original lake it would make a very good prototype of Avenel.

At the age of six, Scott was taken for a visit to Prestonpans, where he made the acquaintance of George Constable, the original of Monkbarns in 'The Antiquary.' This statement should be qualified, however, for Scott himself was the real 'Antiquary' in many ways. None but a genuine antiquarian could ever have written that keen bit of humorous characterization. This old gentleman, besides giving Scott his first knowledge of Shakespeare, told him many excellent stories of the 'affair of 1745' and of the battle of Prestonpans. Here he also made the acquaintance of an old man who had seen much service in the German wars and who was delighted to find a good listener to his tales of military feats. Under the guidance of this old soldier, whose name, Dalgetty, subsequently reappears in 'A Legend of Montrose,' he explored the battle-field, heard the story of Colonel Gardiner's death, and found the grave of 'Balmawhapple,' 'where the grass grew rank and green, distinguishing it from the rest of the field.' This was in 1777, when Scott was only six. Thirty-seven years later these early impressions found a place in 'Waverley.'

At about the same period young Walter was presented with a Shetland pony, an animal not so large as a full-grown Newfoundland dog. He soon learned to ride, and often frightened his Aunt Jenny by dashing recklessly

over the rocks about the tower. The importance of the event lies in the fact that it was the beginning of Scott's fondness for horseback riding, his proficiency in which played an important part in later years, enabling him to gather valuable material that would not otherwise have been accessible. Scott's father now thought best to bring him back to Edinburgh, where he lived the life of an average schoolboy, with this difference, that his lameness frequently confined him to the house, compelling him to seek his amusement in books instead of romping with his fellows in George's Square. At twelve years, and again a little later, he went for a vacation visit to his Aunt Jenny, — Miss Janet Scott, — who was then living at Kelso in a small house, pleasantly situated in a garden of seven or eight acres, 'full of long straight walks, between hedges of yew and hornbeam' and 'thickets of flowery shrubs.' The Grammar School of Kelso was attached to the old Abbey. Here he met the two men who, though lifelong friends, were destined to bring to Walter Scott the saddest experience of his career — James and John Ballantyne, the publishers, whose failure clouded the last years of the novelist's life, forcing upon him the payment of a debt of £117,000, — a task which he manfully assumed, and wore out his life in the execution of it. Another school fellow here was Robert Waldie, whose mother showed Scott many attentions. It was through his association with 'Lady Waldie,' who was a member of the Society of Friends, that Scott in subsequent years was enabled to paint the lovely picture of the home life at Mount Sharon of Joshua Geddes and his sister, which adds so much to the pleasure of 'Redgauntlet.'

An old vault in Kelso Abbey was used as the village prison — the kind of a jail which Edie Ochiltree thought 'wasna so dooms bad a place as it was ca'd.' No doubt the real Edie was often confined here. He was an old mendicant, well known in the neighbourhood, by the name of Andrew Gemmels. Scott met him often. Many curious stories are related of his eccentricities. He was once presented with a good suit of clothes which he thankfully accepted. The friendly donor chanced to meet him later in the day, dragging the clothes behind him along the road through the dirt and mud. Being asked why he treated the gift in that way he replied that he would have 'to trail the duds that way for twa days, to mak them *fit for use*.'

A few miles southeast of Kelso, in the village of Kirk Yetholm, Scott picked up another of his most famous characters — the picturesque Meg Merrilies. Kirk Yetholm was in Scott's boyhood, and even later in his life, the headquarters of a large gipsy tribe. Such a people could not fail to interest one of his temperament and he soon came to know them on familiar terms. The Queen of the Gipsies introduced herself by giving him an apple. She was a woman of extraordinary height, dressed in a long red cloak, who naturally inspired the boy with a feeling of awe. Her name was Madge Gordon, a granddaughter of Jean Gordon, the most famous of the Gipsies. Jean's history was well known. She was an ardent Jacobite, and met her death at Carlisle in 1746, in a most inhuman fashion, being drowned by a mob in the river Eden. She was a powerful woman and as the men struggled to keep her head under the water, she kept coming to the surface, each time screaming,

KELSO ABBEY

'Charlie yet! Charlie yet!' Scott as a child often heard her story and cried piteously for old Jean Gordon. She was the real Meg Merrilies.

During his frequent visits to Kelso and subsequent residence at Rosebank, near by, Scott explored the country in every direction. He rode over the battlefield of Flodden, becoming convinced that 'never was an affair more completely bungled.' He explored the heights of Branxton Hill, and riding through the village of Coldstream, passed the old town of Lennel, where Marmion paused on the eve of the battle. Then recrossing the river, he came to Twisel Bridge, and following the course of the Tweed, reached the ruins of Norham Castle, where Marmion was entertained by Sir Hugh Heron. This was an old Border fortress which passed from Scottish to English hands and back again for several centuries. Thus, without conscious effort, Scott laid the foundation for 'Marmion' early in life, though the poem did not take final shape until nearly twenty years later.

When not spending his vacations in the country, Scott was attending the college in Edinburgh and later preparing himself for the practice of the law. During all these years the gathering of materials for his future writings continued. A favourite companion of the days in Edinburgh was John Irving. On Saturdays, or more frequently during vacations, the two used to borrow three or four books from the circulating library and walk to Salisbury Crags, climb high up to some sequestered nook and read the books together. After continuing this practice for two years, during which they devoured a prodigious number of volumes, Scott

proposed that they should make up adventures of their favourite knights-errant, and recite them to each other alternately — a pastime in which Scott greatly excelled his companion. At this time the former began to collect old ballads, and as Irving's mother knew a great many, he used to go to her and learn all she could repeat. Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat found their way into 'Waverley,' and later, with St. Leonard's Hill, in the same vicinity, became the background for the earlier chapters of the 'Heart of Midlothian.' The ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, on the ascent to Arthur's Seat, must have been one of these favourite nooks. Blackford Hill, the third of these resorts, lies south of Edinburgh. Here Scott carried Marmion for that superb view of Edinburgh, 'mine own romantic town,' so well described in the poem: —

> Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
> For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.

The scene is still a beautiful one, for though the plain that held the Scottish camp is now filled with well-built suburban homes, we still may see

> Yon Empress of the North
> Sit on her hilly throne,
> Her palace's imperial bowers,
> Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
> Her stately halls and holy towers.

So great was Scott's love of the picturesque and especially of the old feudal castles that he yearned to become a painter. But it was of no use. His lessons came to naught and he could make no progress. Perhaps this was fortunate, for, as Lockhart points out, success with the pencil might have interfered with his future great-

ness as a 'painter with the pen.' At fifteen, Scott entered upon an apprenticeship to his father as a writer's (lawyer's) clerk, during which period he formed an intimate companionship with a relative of his friend Irving, William Clerk, a young man of good intellect and many accomplishments. The experiences of these two young law students will be found in 'Redgauntlet.' William Clerk was the Darsie Latimer of that story, while Scott himself was Alan Fairford. Alan's precise and dignified father, Mr. Saunders Fairford, whose highest hope in life was to see his son attain 'the proudest of all distinctions — the rank and fame of a well-employed lawyer,' was a fairly good portrait of Scott's own father. The house in which the Fairfords lived was in Brown Square, then considered 'an extremely elegant improvement.' It is still standing, and is now used as a dental college. Old 'Peter Peebles,' whose interminable lawsuit was used for young lawyers to practise on, actually existed and haunted the law courts at this time. Scott himself admits that he took his turn as 'counsel' to the grotesque old litigant.

The Edinburgh of Scott's day was still chiefly confined to the Old Town. High Street in those days was considered the most magnificent street in the world. Again and again Scott refers to it. At one end is the great Castle, old enough to remember the time when even the Old Town did not exist. Lower down is St. Giles and the Parliament House. Next to St. Giles is the site of the Old Tolbooth, which, after serving the city as a prison for two hundred and fifty years, was pulled down in 1817. In Writer's Court in the same locality was the tavern where the lawyers held 'high

jinks' in 'Guy Mannering.' Greyfriars Church, where Colonel Mannering heard a sermon by Scott's old friend, the Rev. John Erskine, is not far off. Down the street, in the part called the Canongate, is the house of the Earl of Murray, the Regent of Scotland in Queen Mary's time, who figures prominently in 'The Abbot.' Street fighting was a common occurrence in Edinburgh in those days and there is a good description of such a broil in 'The Abbot.' 'My Lord Seton's Lodging,' where Roland Græme took refuge after a scrimmage, is in the same street, and a little farther on is the 'White Horse Close,' where the officers of Prince Charles made their headquarters in 'Waverley.' Holyrood Palace is at the extreme end of the street, about a mile from the Castle. The great ball, which Scott describes in 'Waverley,' was given here by the young Chevalier, Charles Edward Stuart, on the evening of September 17, 1745.

While still in his fifteenth year, Scott made his first excursion into the Highlands of Perthshire through scenery unsurpassed in natural beauty by any other region in all Scotland. Approaching from the south, he rode over the mountains, through a pass no longer accessible, known as the Wicks of Baiglie. Here 'he beheld, stretching beneath him, the valley of the Tay, traversed by its ample and lordly stream; the town of Perth, with its two large meadows, or Inches, its steeples and its towers: the hills of Moncreiff and Kinnoul faintly rising into picturesque rocks, partly clothed with woods; the rich margin of the river, studded with elegant mansions; and the distant view of the huge Grampian Mountains, the northern screen of this exquisite landscape.' These words were written as part of the Introduction to the

'Fair Maid of Perth' in 1828. The impression they record was made upon the mind of a boy of fifteen, forty-two years earlier. On this visit, no doubt, he saw the original house of Simon Glover in Curfew Street, and also the home of Hal o' the Wynd, not far away. Both houses still remain, and the stories connected with them were of course current in Scott's time.

During all the time that the scenes and the stories connected with this and other excursions were making their impress upon the mind of Walter Scott, it must be remembered that he was not thinking of any ultimate use of them in literature, but was only ambitious to make a success of his chosen profession of the law. It so happened that one of the earliest duties which fell to his lot as a writer's apprentice was to serve a writ upon a certain obstreperous family in the Braes of Balquhidder, the country made famous by the exploits of Rob Roy. Fearing that the execution of the summons would be resisted, an escort of a sergeant and six men was procured, and Scott, a young man of scarcely sixteen, marched into the Highlands, 'riding,' as he said, 'in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear guard, and loaded arms.' The sergeant was full of good stories, principally about Rob Roy, and proved to be a very good companion. This expedition was Scott's first introduction to the scenery around Loch Katrine, which later owed most of its fame to his pen. It enabled him, by actual contact with the Highland clans, to learn for the first time some of the thrilling tales with which the region abounded and to become familiar with the habits, the speech, the dress, and all the other marked characteristics of a romantic people. The delightful

scenery of Loch Vennachar, Loch Achray, and Loch Katrine, the rugged slopes of Ben Venue and Ben An, the more distant peaks of Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi, the tangled masses of foliage in the 'deep Trossachs' wildest nook,' — all appealed at once to the artistic sense within him, to his poetic feeling, and to his love of nature. 'The Lady of the Lake' was not written until twenty-three years later, but the germ of that poem was planted in his bosom by this first youthful experience and its writing was only a labor of love.

On his subsequent excursions to the Highlands, Scott gathered some valuable material which later appeared in 'Waverley.' He found one old gentleman who had been obliged to make a journey to the cave of Rob Roy, where he dined on 'collops' or steaks, cut from his own cattle. This cavern is on Loch Lomond in the midst of most beautiful scenery. Scott makes it the retreat of Donald Bean Lean in 'Waverley,' but does not refer to it in his story of 'Rob Roy.' From another aged gentleman he heard the history of Doune Castle, a fine old ruin on the river Teith, near Stirling, and this he also introduced into 'Waverley.' The story of Waverley's saving the life of Colonel Talbot and the death at Carlisle of Fergus MacIvor are based upon incidents related to Scott at this time.

Among the many places visited was Craighall, in Perthshire, from which some of the features of Tully Veolan were copied. The situation of this country-seat was convenient for the story, and near by was a cave, similar to that in which the Baron of Bradwardine sought concealment. But there is another house, a little to the west, on the river Tay, which is said to correspond

even more closely with Scott's description. This is Grandtully Castle, the beautiful estate of the Stewart family. Another house which entered into this composite picture was the residence of the Earl of Traquair, a place on the Scottish Border well known to Scott and frequently visited by him during the time when he was writing 'Waverley.' It has a curious entrance gate, surmounted by some queer-looking bears, which doubtless suggested the Bears of Bradwardine.

These numerous excursions, however fruitful they may have proved in later years, were not by any means the chief business of Scott's life at this time. They were only vacation trips, except the first, which seems to have had a business purpose. He was for the most part hard at work in Edinburgh in the study of the law and in the duties of a writer's apprentice, which meant copying by hand page after page of legal documents, sometimes accomplishing as much as a hundred and twenty pages in one day. In 1792, at the age of twenty-one, he successfully passed the law examinations and was admitted to the Bar, very much to his father's delight. The real Alan Fairford and Darsie Latimer 'put on the gown' the same day, a solemn ceremony followed by a jolly dinner to their companions.

Scott was now a fine, handsome young fellow with a host of friends. The sickliness of childhood had given way to a robust and vigorous manhood. His lameness still remained, but in spite of this he had acquired the frame of a young athlete. He was tall, well formed, big-chested, and powerful. His complexion was fresh and even brilliant; his eyes were bright and twinkling with fun; there was a queer little look about his lips as though

they were about to break out into some funny remark — an expression that was the delight of all his friends and the despair of portrait painters. Perhaps the most striking feature of his face was the high forehead, bespeaking intellectual power and dignity, yet in perfect consonance with his good humour and affectionate kindliness. In every company of young people he was easily the life and soul of the group. They crowded around him to revel in his store of anecdotes and ballads à propos to every occasion, and his jokes usually kept them in a gale of merriment. He was fond of every kind of outdoor amusement, especially of fishing, hunting, and riding. Few could excel him in horsemanship, either in skill or endurance. From the days of his first Shetland pony he had loved horses, and but for his ability to make long journeys on horseback to remote regions at a time when there were no railways and few coach-roads, he would have been unable to acquire the knowledge of places and people which gave a peculiar charm to all his writings.

The day after his admission to the Bar, Scott 'escaped' to the country, going first to Rosebank and then to Jedburgh, where he met Robert Shortreed, a sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, who consented to become his guide on a visit to the wild and inaccessible district of Liddesdale. For seven successive years they made these 'raids' as Scott called them, 'exploring every rivulet to its source and every ruined peel from foundation to battlement.' 'There was no inn or public-house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the

rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity.' To his friendly familiarity with these unsophisticated people and the intimate knowledge thus acquired of their manner of living, we are indebted for some of the most charming pages of 'Guy Mannering.' Whether the future poet had any plan in his mind for using the material so gathered is doubtful, though much of it went into the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' and perhaps these raids suggested that undertaking.

In the summer vacation of 1797, Scott set out for a visit to the English Lakes. He was accompanied by his brother John and Adam Ferguson, an intimate friend through whom he had been introduced to the highest literary circles of Edinburgh. Their first stop was at the country home of Dr. Ferguson, the distinguished philosopher and historian, and the father of Scott's friend. This was at Hallyards, in the vale of Manor Water, near Peebles. The venerable old gentleman, then in his seventy-third year, had become interested in one of the strangest men, physically and mentally, who ever lived, — a poor, ungainly, and hideous dwarf named David Ritchie. Dr. Ferguson conducted his young friend to the rude hut of this horrible being, and Scott, strong and fearless as he was, is said to have come away as pale as ashes and shaking in every limb. This singular meeting resulted, nineteen years later, in the story of 'The Black Dwarf,' where Scott skilfully combined some good traits, which Ritchie was known to possess, with the grotesque and terrifying external figure.

Proceeding to the English Lakes, Scott now saw for the

first time the wild and rugged beauty of Saddleback and Skiddaw and the desolate loneliness of Helvellyn, contrasting with the calm loveliness of Grasmere and Windermere and with the sweet homeliness of the dalesmen's cottages, their pastures and peaceful flocks. Like all other scenes of beauty, it made its impression upon his mind. He found a home here for Colonel Mannering; when Waverley was hard-pressed after the failure of the insurrection of 1745, he found it convenient to make a home for his hero with a farmer at Ullswater; and he marched his gallant Baron of Triermain into 'the narrow Valley of St. John' in search of the mysterious castle, as directed by the sage of Lyulph's tower. The tower of Lyulph may be seen near the shores of Ullswater, and on the side of a hill rising above St. John's Beck, a little stream flowing out of Lake Thirlmere, is a huge rock now called 'Triermain Castle,' which at a distance, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, bears a fancied resemblance to the phantom castle of the poem.

Scott frequently showed his profound admiration for the English Lake district, and if he did not love it with all the devotion of his friend Wordsworth, it was only because his own beloved Highlands had a prior claim upon his affections.

On a summer day soon after his return from the Lake District, in the same year, Scott and his friend Adam Ferguson were riding together along a country road near the pleasant little village of Gilsland, in the north of England. The former was then twenty-six years of age. He was a tall man of athletic frame, who rode as though incapable of fatigue. There was a peculiar grace and charm in both face and figure, which almost irresistibly

caused a passer-by to follow his first glance with a second and longer scrutiny.

As they rode along, the two companions chanced to pass a young lady, also on horseback, who immediately attracted their notice. Her form was like that of a fairy, light and full of grace. Her long silken tresses were jet black, her complexion a clear olive, and her eyes a lovely brown, large, deep-set, and brilliant. Young and vivacious, with a natural air of gaiety, she was both pleasant to meet and charming to look upon.

At the ball which took place in the evening there was much rivalry among the young men for the honour of dancing with this vision of loveliness, who had blotted out all other thoughts from their morning ride. To the tall young man fell the privilege of taking the fair stranger to supper, and this was the introduction of Walter Scott to Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter. The evening of September 30, immediately following the ball, was one of the happiest Scott ever knew. A friend records that he 'was *sair* beside himself about Miss Carpenter; — we toasted her twenty times over — and sat together, he raving about her until it was one in the morning.'

This was not Scott's first love affair, but it was equally genuine. Some four years previously he had chanced to meet at the Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh, a very charming young lady of seventeen. As the Sunday service closed, an unexpected shower came up. Scott had an umbrella and the lady had none — sufficient reason for escorting the fair one to her home. There was also sufficient reason for falling in love with her, for Miss Williamina Stuart was not only beautiful in face and

figure, but lovely in character. Highly educated, accomplished in music and painting, well versed in literature, and with the best family connections, she was still a sweet girl, of charming manners and no affectation. For three years Scott cherished the most ardent feelings of love, but in silence. He was then a young man of small worldly prospects. He had written nothing and was unknown outside the circle of friends in the law courts, where he was but a beginner. This, however, would not have been an insurmountable difficulty had the love been mutual. But the young lady had already given her heart unreservedly to an intimate friend of Scott's, William Forbes, a man of noble character. She gave Scott no encouragement, but frequently wrote him in a friendly way, chiefly concerning literary topics. After many months of patient restraint, Scott finally wrote her a frank and unreserved declaration of his feelings, and received in reply a letter which filled him with many forebodings but with 'new admiration of her generosity and candour.' She urged upon him the continuation of their simple friendship as the 'prudent line of conduct.' Unfortunately, Scott read between the lines, as too hopeful persons sometimes do, sentiments which were not intended. The final disappointment came in the autumn of 1796, and in the following January Miss Stuart became the bride of Walter Scott's successful rival. It is pleasant to think that the success of the one and the disappointment of the other led to no bitterness. Both were men of noble and generous minds. And in the days of Scott's adversity, when he was wearing away his vitality in a desperate but honourable endeavour to pay his debts, Sir William Forbes, though

his own bank was one of the heavy losers in the disaster that overwhelmed Scott, came forward with offers of assistance, and even went so far as to pay secretly a large and pressing debt, that his friend Sir Walter might not be entirely crushed.

The poet never forgot the tender experiences of these years, and long afterward drew a lovely picture of Williamina in 'Rokeby': —

> Wreathed in its dark brown rings, her hair
> Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
> Half hid and half revealed to view
> Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
> The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
> So lightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
> That you had said her hue was pale:
> But if she faced the summer gale,
> Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
> Or heard the praise of those she loved,
> The mantling blood in ready play
> Rivalled the blush of rising day.

But Walter Scott was a young man, and in his great big heart there was still room for love. If he thought his heart was broken, he admitted that it was 'handsomely pieced' again. Fascinated with the vivacity and attractiveness of Miss Carpenter, Scott remained at Gilsland much longer than he had intended. The lovers strolled through many delightful paths — walks which left their impress upon the poet's mind and gave him many backgrounds for his future verses and tales.

Miss Carpenter had rooms at a large hotel, known as Shaw's, where the momentous ball was held, and Scott was at Wardrew House, a private residence with a picturesque walled-in garden on the slope of a hill not far away. We followed them in fancy as they descended

into the glen which separates these two houses, where they might drink of the mineral spring which gives a local fame to the place. Then like the faithful page of the Baron of Triermain, no doubt they 'crossed green Irthing's Mead' and wandering along the shady bank of this pleasant stream, reached

> the favourite glade,
> Paled in by copsewood, cliff and stone,
> Where never harsher sounds invade
> To break affection's whispering tone
> Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
> Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.

Then, turning a bend in the stream, perchance he invited her to

> Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
> Mossed is the stone, the turf is green,
> A place where lovers best may meet
> Who would not that their love be seen.

Here is the so-called 'Popping Stone,' where, local tradition asserts, Scott asked the all-important question. Whether this is true or not makes no difference. The question *was* asked and the stone *is* there. Whatever virtue there may be in the stone, it is certain that thousands of young couples have found their way thither, and they have literally worn it away until now it is scarcely half its original size.

A little farther west we came to the beautiful old ruins of Lanercost, in which is the tomb of Thomas, Lord Dacre, to whom Marmion, with his last dying gasp on the field of Flodden, sent a message with his signet ring. Near by and entered through a beautiful park is the fine old feudal castle of Naworth, the stronghold of the

THE POPPING STONE

Dacres and later of the Howards, both of whom are mentioned in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.'

The place which seems to have interested Scott the most in these rambles was the old ruined wall of Triermain Castle. He saw more of it than can be seen to-day, for a great part of it remained standing until 1832. But it was a ruin in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Scott's imagination, however, soon rebuilt and repeopled it, and Sir Ronald de Vaux became immortalized in 'The Bridal of Triermain,' though forgotten in the pages of history. In almost the latest years of his life, the novelist came back to these scenes of his early manhood for another character whom he took from the same old castle of Triermain, the big and burly, but always faithful, Sir Thomas de Multon of 'The Talisman.'

During the autumn of 1797, Scott was a frequent visitor to the city of Carlisle, where Miss Carpenter was living in Castle Street. A few steps beyond the site of her house is Carlisle Cathedral, the most striking feature of which is the beautiful East Window, said to be the finest in England. The cathedral was founded by Henry I in 1101. During the Civil War it was occupied by soldiers, who pulled down ninety-six feet of the nave to build fortifications. The portion that remained, thirty-nine feet, was later enclosed and used as the parish Church of St. Mary. Here, standing between two great Norman pillars of red sandstone, on the day before Christmas, 1797, Walter Scott and Charlotte Carpenter were married.

They went to live in Edinburgh, but during the following summer took up their abode in a charming little cottage with a thatched roof and a delightful garden on

the banks of the river Esk at Lasswade. It was then a small house with only one room of fair size, though now very much enlarged. The thatched portion, however, is carefully preserved. Mrs. Scott's good taste and her husband's enthusiasm soon converted the house and grounds into a veritable bower of delight. Unfortunately, the rustic archway of ivy, which Scott took so much pleasure in fashioning, has disappeared. But the vale of the Esk still remains, to thrill the souls of the romantic. Not even in lovely Scotland is there a river or glen to surpass it. Deep down between precipitous cliffs and rocks, shaded by tall trees and overgrown by a bewildering profusion of creeping plants and overhanging vines, the little river flows merrily along, seeming to sparkle at every bend with some new recollection of the romantic legends or fantastic tales of the barons of old, who once peopled its ancient castles and drank their wine while they listened to the rhythmic stories of the minstrel bards. Here six happy summers were spent. Friends came down from Edinburgh and new friendships were formed with important personages living in the villas and castles of the vicinity. All found that Scott had formed a connection with one who had the 'sterling qualities of a good wife,' to quote Lockhart's phrase. The brothers of the *Mountain* — a group of boon companions who were closely associated and very fond of each other's society — welcomed Mrs. Scott with the greatest delight. A married life of perfect serenity was inaugurated, which lasted until the death of 'the ever faithful and true companion' in 1826.

In a confidential letter to Lady Abercorn, written in 1810, Scott refers to his attempt, in the 'Lady of the

Lake,' to make 'a knight of love who never broke a vow,' and mentions his own melancholy experience of early days. He adds: 'Mrs. Scott's match and mine was one of our own making, and proceeded from the most sincere affection on both sides, which has rather increased than diminished during twelve years' marriage. But it was something short of love in all its forms, which I suspect people only *feel* once in their lives; folks who have been nearly drowned in bathing rarely venturing a second time out of their depth.'

These words should not be misconstrued. Whatever the ardency of his first love, the second was no less sincere and true. If the first was the highly poetic type, the young dream of a peculiarly sensitive nature, the second was the kind that enables young couples to meet in peace and serenity all the varied problems of life, to establish their housekeeping in mutual helpfulness, to laugh away their cares, as Scott wrote to Miss Carpenter, or if the load is too heavy, to share it between them, 'until it becomes almost as light as pleasure itself.' It was in this spirit that the young people established their household gods in the cottage at Lasswade.

To a man of Scott's disposition, happy in his new home life, with every incentive to improve his opportunities, his mind steeped from infancy in the rude ballads of the border country and his heart bounding with delight at the beauties of nature, this new environment seemed all that was needed to turn his whole thought to poetry.

> Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
> By Esk's fair streams that run
> O'er airy steep through copsewood deep
> Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love
May shun the telltale ray.

No afternoon stroll could be more delightful than one through the valley of the Esk as far as Roslin. Many go to Roslin by coach from Edinburgh, but they fail to see the glen. Guided by a Scottish friend, we found that the better way is to go to Hawthornden and walk through the gardens and grounds of the ancient castle where the poet Drummond lived and wrote to his heart's content of the beauties of the scene. Here we saw the caves, cut out of the solid rock beneath the castle, which sheltered Robert Bruce during the troublous times when Fortune seemed to frown. Here, too, we stood under the sycamore tree where Drummond welcomed Ben Jonson to his home. Descending the path to the river, we crossed by a little wooden bridge, with a gate in the middle, which can be opened only from the Hawthornden side. Then a walk, which was half scramble, brought us finally to Roslin Castle, on a rock peeping over the foliage, high above the river. Both Roslin and Hawthornden are mentioned in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' in the ballad of the lovely Rosabelle: —

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'T was broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'T was seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

LASSWADE COTTAGE

The quiet of Lasswade gave Scott the opportunity for the compilation of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' and its romantic beauty furnished the inspiration for his first serious attempts to write new ballads in imitation of the old ones. 'It was amidst these delicious solitudes,' says Lockhart, 'that he produced the pieces which laid the imperishable foundations of all his fame. It was here that when his warm heart was beating with young and happy love, and his whole mind and spirit were nerved with new motives for exertion — it was here in the ripened glow of manhood he seems to have first felt something of his real strength, and found himself out in those splendid original ballads which were at once to fix his name.'

At this period Scott was a man of unusually robust health. In spite of the lameness with which he had been afflicted from infancy, his powers of endurance were very great. He could walk thirty miles a day or ride one hundred without resting. He was quartermaster of the Edinburgh Volunteers and had a great reputation as a skilful horseman. 'He had a remarkably firm seat on horseback,' said Mr. Skene, 'and in all situations a fearless one: no fatigue ever seemed too much for him, and his zeal and animation served to sustain the enthusiasm of the whole corps.' His companions called him 'Earl Walter,' and whenever there came, at drills, a moment of rest, all turned intuitively to the quartermaster, whose ever ready fun never failed to lighten the burdens of the day. It was really this remarkable gift of good companionship, coupled with his fondness for horses and unusual powers of endurance, that enabled Scott to gather the materials for his poems.

'Eh me,' said Shortreed, his companion and guide in the Liddesdale raids, 'sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring or singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himsel' to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsel' the great man, or took ony airs in the company.' It was literally true, as he said, that he 'had a home in every farm-house.'

To his rare good fellowship and his powers of endurance, Scott added one other quality without which his vigorous search for literary material might have been of little use, namely, a most extraordinary memory, which enabled him to retain what he had heard and use it many years afterward. James Hogg, the eccentric Ettrick shepherd, gives a fine instance of this power. One night Scott, with his friends, Hogg and Skene, was out on a fishing expedition. 'While we three sat down on the brink of a river,' says Hogg, 'Scott desired me to sing them my ballad of Gilman's Cleugh. Now be it remembered that this ballad had never been printed: I had merely composed it by rote, and, on finishing it three years before, had sung it over once to Sir Walter. I began it, at his request, but at the eighth or ninth stanza I stuck in it and could not get on with another verse, on which he began it again and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment, knowing that he had never heard it but once, and even then did not appear to be paying particular attention. He said he had been out with a pleasure party as far as the opening of the Firth of Forth, and,

to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's ("The Abbot of Aberbrothock"), both of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he recited them both without misplacing a word.'

Living in a country where new beauty appears at every turn in the road and romance is echoed from every hillside, happy in his domestic relations, blessed with the faculty of making friends wherever he went, whether among farmers and shepherds or lords and ladies, active in travelling into every nook or corner where material could be found, keen to appreciate a good story or a pleasing ballad, and able to remember all he ever heard or read, Walter Scott became a poet as easily and naturally as the rippling waters of his beloved Tweed find their way to the sea.

CHAPTER II

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

The years at Lasswade were marked by one of the most momentous decisions of Scott's life. He had reached the parting of the ways; one leading to the practice of the law; the other — and the more alluring one — to literature as a profession. Had his father been alive, it is probable that a high sense of duty and loyalty would have determined him to continue in the law, for the old gentleman had set his heart upon that, and Scott would have submitted to almost any irksome requirement rather than wound the feelings of his parent. But the worthy barrister's death a year or two after his son's marriage had put an end to any scruples on his account. Although Scott had not made a failure, his success at the Bar was not remarkable. In the year preceding his marriage and the fifth year of his practice, his fee-book showed an income of only one hundred forty-four pounds, ten shillings. He never had any fondness for the law. As he afterwards expressed it: 'My profession and I came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page: "There was no great love between us at the beginning and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance."' He began to realize that 'the Scottish Themis was peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses,' and that a young lawyer could not expect to succeed unless he kept up the appearance of

being busy even when he had nothing to do. A barrister who spent his time 'running after ballads' was not to be trusted. To succeed in the law meant, therefore, a farewell to literature. It meant other sacrifices, too. His vigorous health at this period enabled him to indulge a natural fondness for country sports, horseback riding, hunting, fishing, and the like. His membership in the Edinburgh Volunteers gave him a most agreeable companionship with a fine class of men, among whom he was extremely popular and with whom he spent some of the happiest hours of his life. All this would have to be given up if he continued at the Bar, and instead he would feel obliged to tie himself down to a severe course of study in some musty old office in Edinburgh.

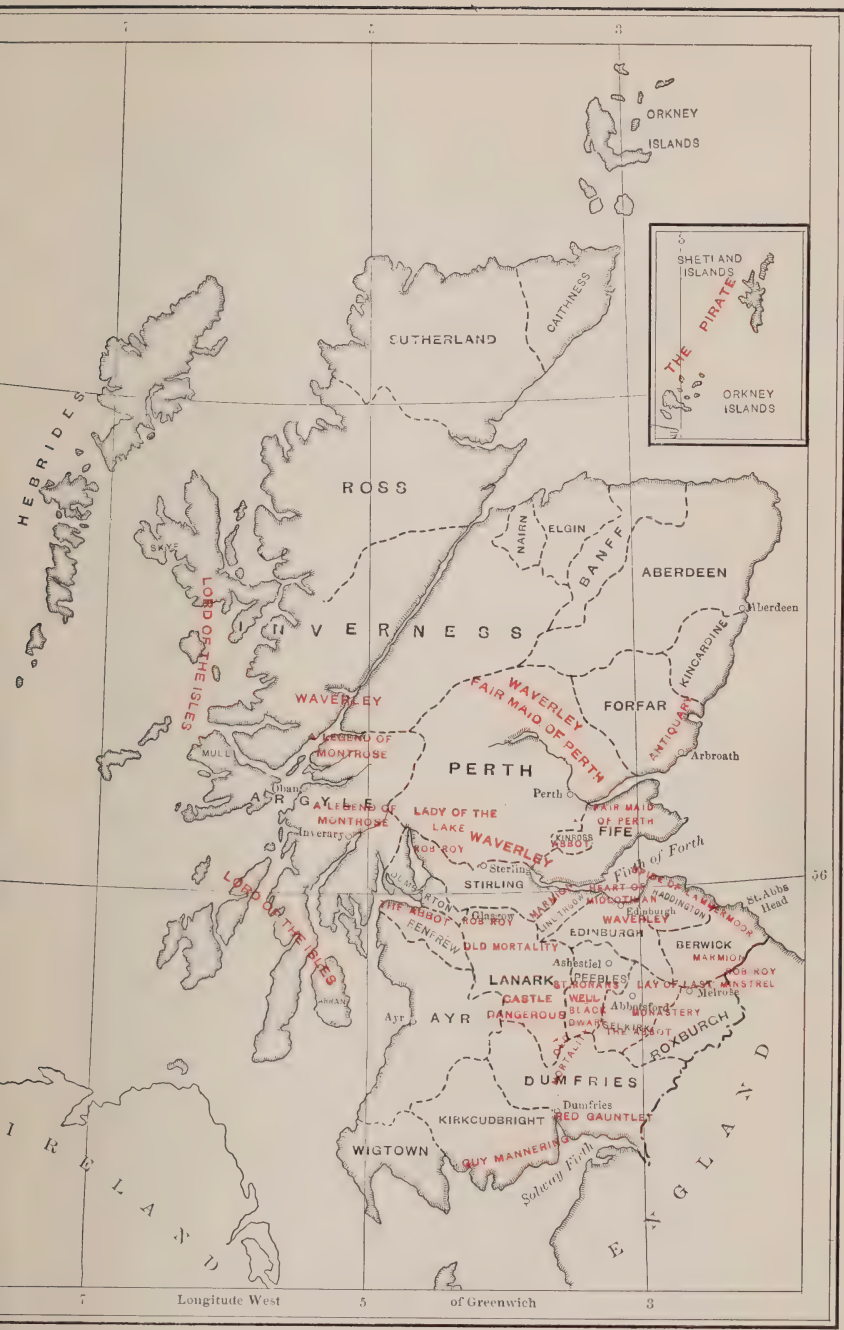
Two circumstances combined to make feasible the more attractive path. The first was Scott's appointment as Sheriff of Selkirk with an income of three hundred pounds a year, which gave him a certain degree of independence, while the duties were not onerous. The second was the success of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' For several years Scott had travelled extensively through many remote nooks and corners in search of material for this compilation, and its publication had brought him into public notice as a man of no small literary skill. His gratification with its success may be judged from a letter to his brother-in-law, Charles Carpenter, in 1803: —

I have continued to turn a very slender portion of literary talents to some account by a publication of the poetical antiquities of the Border, where the old people had preserved many ballads descriptive of the manners of the country during the wars with England. This trifling collection was

so well received by a *discerning public*, that, after receiving about £100 profit for the first edition, which my vanity cannot omit informing you went off in six months, I have sold the copyright for £500 more.

This enterprise, paying as much as the entire proceeds of Scott's first five years of legal effort, gave assurance of a financial success in literature, which coupled with a certain income as Sheriff seemed to make the future fairly secure. Reasoning in this way, Scott finally reached his decision to abandon the law and devote his life to literature.

'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' was the immediate result. Scott felt the responsibility of his position. He was now the head of a family, having a wife and three children of whom he might well be proud, and he felt impelled to make a financial as well as literary success of his chosen profession. He had previously tried his hand at original composition. Inspired perhaps by his familiarity with the old Scottish ballads, he had essayed something of the same character. The first of these productions was 'Glenfinlas,' growing out of his early visits to the Highlands. Glenfinlas is a forest in Perthshire, north of the Trossachs and east of Loch Katrine. Next came 'The Eve of St. John,' in which Scott rebuilt and repeopled the old tower of Smailholm which had so fascinated his boyish fancy. In 'The Gray Brother,' an incomplete ballad of this period, the poet sang the praises of the vale of the Esk, then the scene of his almost daily walks. The fourth of these early poems was 'Cadyow Castle,' a ballad on the assassination of the Regent Murray. Cadyow Castle is a very dilapidated old ruin in a park of wondrous beauty near Hamilton,


ORKNEY ISLANDS
SHETLAND ISLANDS
THE PIRATE
ORKNEY ISLANDS
SUTHERLAND
CAITHNESS
HEBRIDES
ROSS
NAIRN
ELGIN
BANFF
ABERDEEN
Aberdeen
INVERNESS
LORD OF THE ISLES
WAVERLEY
A LEGEND OF MONTROSE
MULL
WAVERLEY
FAIR MAID OF PERTH
KINCARDINE
ANTIQUARY
FORFAR
Arbroath
PERTH
Perth
ARGYLE
A LEGEND OF MONTROSE
Inverary
LADY OF THE LAKE
ROB ROY
WAVERLEY
FAIR MAID OF PERTH
FIFE
KINROSS
ABBOT
Sterling
Firth of Forth
56
LORD OF THE ISLES
STIRLING
HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN
ADDITION
WAVERLEY
St. Abbs Head
THE ABBOT
ROB ROY
Glasgow
Edinburgh
EDINBURGH
BERWICK
OLD MORTALITY
Ashestiel
PEEBLES
MARMION
ROB ROY
LANARK
ST RONANS WELL
LAY OF LAST MINSTREL
Melrose
CASTLE DANGEROUS
Abbotsford
BLACK DWARF
GELKIRK
ABBOTSFORD
Ayr
AYR
ROXBURGH
DUMFRIES
Dumfries
RED GAUNTLET
KIRKCUDBRIGHT
WIGTOWN
GUY MANNERING
Solway Firth
IRELAND
ENGLAND
7
Longitude West
5
of Greenwich
3

southeast of Glasgow. There is a deep glen, through which runs a little river, the Avon, and on the banks are many tall and beautiful trees. The park was once a part of the old Caledonian forest, a few of the ancient oaks of which still remain standing. It was the habitation of the fierce wild cattle which furnished the liveliest and most dangerous sport whenever a hunt was arranged. Something of the spirit and fire of Scott's later work is seen in these lines: —

> Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
> That roam in woody Caledon,
> Crashing the forest in his race,
> The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.
>
> Fierce on the hunter's quivered band
> He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
> Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand
> And tosses high his mane of snow.

The man who could write such lines as these must have felt an instinct for poetry which no amount of reasoning could ever set aside. It was, therefore, well that Scott did not attempt to resist his natural inclinations.

We find him, then, deliberately turning to poetry, and carefully surveying the field to choose his first subject. Three influences, widely different in character, combined to solve this problem. The first was his interest in the stories of Border warfare aroused by the tales of his childhood and immensely stimulated by his thorough search for ballads to make up the 'Border Minstrelsy.' The second was his membership in the Edinburgh Volunteers which gave a military trend to his thoughts. The third was his desire to oblige a lady. The young Countess of Dalkeith, afterward Duchess of Buccleuch,

was an intellectual woman of extreme beauty and lovely character. She was, moreover, the wife of the chief of the clan of Scott, and therefore entitled, in the poet's view at least, to the fealty of her kinsmen. Having heard the legend of Gilpin Horner, a goblin dwarf in whom most of the people implicitly believed, the Countess, much delighted with the story, enjoined upon Scott the task of composing a ballad on the subject. The slightest wish of one so beloved was a command.

The poet soon realized that the goblin was likely to prove a veritable imp of mischief, threatening to ruin his ballad, and before the poem was finished, relegated him to the kitchen where he properly belonged. With the goblin story reduced to a mere incident, the poem expanded to a tale of Border warfare in which all of Scott's military spirit and knowledge of history and legend came to the front. He wrote it, as he declared in a letter to Wordsworth, to discharge his mind of the ideas which from infancy had rushed upon it. In a letter to George Ellis in 1802, he refers to it as a 'kind of romance of Border chivalry in a light-horseman sort of stanza.' In the autumn of that year, while on duty with his troop at Musselburgh, during a charge on Portobello sands, he received a kick from his horse which confined him to his rooms for three days. This accident gave an unexpected opportunity, and in these three days the actual writing of the poem was started and the whole of the first canto completed except the introductory framework. It is easy to recognize the 'light-horseman' stanza. Indeed, the clatter of horses' hoofs is heard distinctly as Sir William of Deloraine sets forth upon his night ride to Melrose: —

'O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
Ere break of day,' the warrior 'gan say,
'Again will I be here:
And safer by none may thy errand be done
Than, noble dame, by me!'

. . . . . .

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he passed,
Soon crossed the sounding barbican,
And soon the Teviot side he won.

. . . . . .

And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.
The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark:
'Stand ho! thou courier of the dark!'
'For Branksome, ho!' the knight rejoined,
And left the friendly tower behind.

The spirited ride to Melrose; the opening of the wizard's grave; the delightful picture of the ruined abbey; the meeting of Lady Margaret and Lord Cranstoun; the telling encounter of the latter with the Knight of Deloraine; the manly spirit of the young heir of Branksome; the tales of Watt Tinlinn and the Scotts of Thirlstane, of Harden and of Eskdale, the coming of the Englishmen, Belted Will Howard and Lord Dacre, the duel resulting in the death of Richard of Musgrave, and the triumph of Cranstoun's love for the fair Margaret, all combine to produce a vivid impression of the stirring events, the conditions of life, and the ideals of the Border country in the days of chivalry.

The framework of this picture, from which it takes its name, is generally considered the most beautiful part of the poem. The old minstrel is supposed to relate the tale, with the accompaniment of his harp, to the noble

Duchess of Buccleuch. The minstrel, with his reverence and enthusiasm for the old ballad poetry, now in its decadence, is of course the poet himself and the Duchess is his patron, who first suggested the poem. In no more beautiful and delicate way could the poet have shown his devotion to the lord and lady who had so greatly inspired him. Moreover, it gave him the method of showing, as he said, that he had no intention of setting up a new school of poetry, but was only making 'a feeble attempt to imitate the old.' The historical basis of the poem is told in a letter to Lady Dalkeith: —

Dame Janet Beatoun, Lady Buccleuch, who flourished in Queen Mary's time, was a woman of high spirit and great talents. According to the superstition of the times, the vulgar imputed her extraordinary abilities to supernatural knowledge. If Lady Dalkeith will look into the Introduction to the 'Border Ballads,' pages xv and xxix, she will find some accounts of a deadly feud betwixt the clans of Scott and Kerr, which, among other outrages, occasioned the death of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, the husband of Janet Beatoun, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh. The lady resented the death of her husband by many exploits against the Kerrs and their allies. In particular the Laird of Cranstoun fell under her displeasure, and she herself headed a party of three hundred horse with the intention of surprising and killing that baron in the chapel of St. Mary, beside St. Mary's Loch at the head of Yarrow. The Baron escaped, but the lady burned the chapel and slew many of the attendants. . . . The feud was finally ended by Cranstoun marrying the lady's daughter.

About this fragment of history Scott wove his stirring tale of the Scottish lowlands in the sixteenth century.

> The last of all the bards was he
> Who sung of Border chivalry.

ST. MARY'S LOCH

The aged minstrel is introduced as he passes

> where Newark's stately tower
> Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower.

The old ruin was a favourite resort for Scott, and many a happy holiday excursion was made to those 'rich groves of lofty stature' which Wordsworth celebrated in his 'Yarrow Visited.' The ancient tower stands on high ground above the Yarrow, on a road leading westward from Selkirk, over which Scott often walked or rode. About two miles away is Bowhill, a country-seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, where the poet was always a welcome guest. He refers to it affectionately in the closing stanza of the 'Lay': —

> When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill.

Still farther south is Oakwood Tower, a stronghold of the celebrated Wat of Harden, one of the poet's ancestors.

> Wide lay his lands round Oakwood Tower
> And wide round haunted Castle-Ower.

This was 'Auld Wat,' who married the 'Flower of Yarrow,' one of the most beautiful women of the Border, who lived at Dryhope, near the foot of St. Mary's Loch.

> High over Borthwick's mountain flood
> His wood-embosomed mansion stood.

The Borthwick joins the Teviot just above the town of Hawick. The house of Harden stands high up above a deep and romantic glen where there was ample room to conceal 'the herds of plundered England.'

> Marauding chief! his sole delight
> The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
> Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms
> In youth might tame his rage for arms.

Auld Wat's son, afterwards Sir William Scott of Harden, a remarkably handsome man and an early favourite of King James VI, inherited some of his father's propensities for driving off his neighbour's cattle and other irregularities common to the time. In a raid upon the lands of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank he was captured and carried in chains to the castle. Elibank is now a ruin on the banks of the Tweed not far from Ashestiel, whither Scott was fond of walking on Sunday mornings. The legend which Scott tells, about as it was told to him in his youth, and not, perhaps, in exact accordance with the facts, is as follows: —

When the young marauder was brought to the castle in chains, the Lady Murray asked her lord what he proposed to do with him. 'Why, hang the robber, assuredly,' was the answer. 'What,' answered the lady, 'hang the handsome young knight of Harden when I have three ill-favoured daughters unmarried! No, no, Sir Gideon, we'll force him to marry our Meg.' 'Meikle-mouthed Meg' was the ugliest woman in the country, and young Sir William promptly decided that he would rather hang. Three days were given him to think the matter over, after which he was led out beneath a convenient oak, with a rope tied around his neck and the other end was passed over a stout limb of the tree. Then he began to reconsider and decided that, as between nooses, he preferred the matrimonial one. There may be some advantages in ugly wives after all, and one of them, in this case at least, seemed to be an entire absence of jealousy. It was said, moreover, that 'Meg' had 'a curious hand at pickling the beef which Sir William stole.' They lived a very happy life. The marriage con-

tract was written on the head of a drum and the parchment is still preserved. Scott was so fond of the legend that he wanted to make it the subject of a comic ballad. He accordingly began, but never finished 'The Reiver's Wedding.' The grandson of this couple was Walter Scott, known as 'Beardie,' the great-grandfather of the poet.

About a mile above the junction of the Teviot with the Borthwick stands the castle of Branksome. Seen from the opposite side of the river standing on a terraced slope, partly hidden by the trees and shrubs, it makes a pretty picture.

> All, all is peaceful, all is still,

and there is nothing to suggest the time when

> Nine and twenty knights of fame —
> Hung their shields in Branksome Hall.

It seemed to us more modern than it really is, for it was completed in its present form in the year 1576. The barony of Branxholme, or Branksome, came into the possession of Sir William Scott of Buccleuch in the early part of the fifteenth century and still remains in the family. The towers which formerly occupied the site were attacked by the English again and again, and the castle burned and pillaged. It will be remembered that after a preliminary survey of the castle and its attendant knights, the minstrel tells the story of how Lord Walter fell, of the widow's desire for vengeance, and of the Lady Margaret's love for Lord Cranstoun, her father's foe. Then for some purpose which is not clearly defined, the 'Ladye' calls to her side the boldest knight of her train, Sir William of Deloraine, and bids him ride with all

haste to Melrose Abbey, there to open the grave of the wizard, Michael Scott, and to take from it the 'Mighty Book.' Sir Michael Scott was a man of learning who flourished in the thirteenth century. He wrote several philosophical treatises and devoted much time to the study of alchemy, astrology, chiromancy, and other abstruse subjects, whence he gained the reputation of being a wizard. Many weird tales are told of his performances. Being sent as an ambassador to France to demand satisfaction for certain grievances, he opened his magic book and caused a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse to fly out. Mounting, he flew across the sea and presented himself to the king. His demands were about to be met with a curt refusal when Michael begged the king to defer his answer until the black horse had stamped three times. The first stamp set all the bells in Paris to ringing; the second tumbled over three towers of the palace; the horse raised his foot for the third stamp, but the king would not risk another and gave to Michael what he wanted. It was this same wizard who 'cleft the Eildon Hills in three,' the triple peaks which so picturesquely dominate the entire landscape in the vicinity of Melrose, having been formerly, so it is said, a single summit. It has always been understood that the 'magic book' was buried with the wizard, and that no one dared remove it because of the 'terrible spells' which it contained.

The knight arrived after a spirited gallop, and shortly after midnight rapped with the hilt of his dagger on the wicket gate. The porter hurried to admit him, and soon he greeted the aged monk of St. Mary's Aisle. Sighing heavily the monk conducted the man of arms through

BRANKSOME HALL

the cloisters, which may still be seen looking very much as the poet described them in lines not only poetically beautiful but literally true: —

> Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
> Glistened with the dew of night;
> Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
> But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.

Seven graceful arches, forming stalls or seats once used by the dignitaries of the church, make a continuous line along the eastern wall. Above the arches, and joining one to another, are stone carvings of rare delicacy and beauty. Of the more than a hundred separate figures in this frieze no two are alike. There are roses, lilacs, thistles, ferns, oak leaves, and scores of other representations of the forms of nature, all exquisitely carved with inimitable accuracy. Scott admired these arches so greatly that he copied one of them for the fireplace of the entrance hall at Abbotsford.

The 'steel-clenched postern door,' through which the monk and the knight now entered the chancel, stands nearly intact. Its three arches rest on graceful pilasters surmounted by capitals, with carved foliage so delicate that a straw can be passed behind the stalks of the leaves. We found it interesting upon entering this door to note the accuracy of the poet's descriptions, which the guide quoted with great fluency. The pillars supporting the lofty roof spread out to form the great arches, seeming to be 'bundles of lances which garlands had bound.'

We stood beneath this arched roof for a long time to admire the beautiful East Window, and the guide quoted: —

> The moon on the East oriel shone
> Through slender shafts of shapely stone
> By foliaged tracery combined.

It is almost impossible to realize that these long and slender shafts are really carved out of stone and that the work was done many centuries ago. Scott accounts for it poetically: —

> Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
> 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
> In many a freakish knot had twined,
> Then framed a spell when the work was done,
> And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

Beneath the window lies the heart of Robert Bruce. It had been the desire of the monarch that his heart be interred in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. After his death the body was buried beneath the high altar of the church at Dunfermline, but the heart was taken out and committed to the keeping of James, Lord Douglas, who undertook to carry it to the Holy Land. But James was defeated and killed by the Saracens, and the heart of his royal master was taken to Melrose and buried there. This was as it should be, for the heart of Bruce, figuratively speaking, was always in Melrose. After the destruction of the abbey in 1322 by Edward II on his retreat from Scotland, Bruce made a grant of £2000 sterling, a sum equivalent to about £50,000 in the money of to-day. Because of this munificence the abbey was rebuilt in all the beauty and perfection which Gothic architecture could suggest, so that even in ruins it is still a structure of graceful magnificence. In 1384, the abbey was again destroyed, but later restored. In 1544, 1545, and finally a century later under the Re-

formation, the abbey suffered serious damage from which it never recovered.

The grave of Michael Scott which Deloraine was sent to open was pointed out to us, as it is to all visitors, but in reality its exact position is not known. Johnny Bower, an old guide of whom Scott was very fond, discovered the position of the grave by noting the direction of the moonbeams through the oriel window. 'I pointed out the whole to the Shirra,' said he, 'and he couldna' gainsay but it was varra clear.' 'Scott,' says Washington Irving, who tells the story, 'used to amuse himself with the simplicity of the old man and his zeal in verifying every passage of the poem, as though it had been authentic history, and always acquiesced in his deductions.'

Like all other visitors we wanted to see the abbey properly, and that, according to the poet, could only be done by moonlight.

> If thou wouldst view fair Melrose *aright*,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

The moon was full while we were there and seemed to offer a splendid opportunity. But an unexpected obstacle appeared. In Scotland, in the summer time, the evenings are very long, the twilight lasting until ten or eleven o'clock, while the moon makes very little impression until a late hour. And the custodian of the abbey goes to bed early! So it was impossible to see the moon shining through the east oriel, but fortunately we could see the outer walls from the windows of our hotel, which adjoins the ruin, and the moon kindly favoured us by making

> Buttress and buttress alternately
> Seem framed of ebon and ivory.

The next day we were treated to a superb view from the private grounds of a gentleman whose estate adjoins the abbey. From this point the entire southern wall, which remains nearly intact, gives at first glance the impression of a complete and beautiful Gothic structure. The distant hills furnish a fine background and the well-kept lawns and graceful birches perform the double duty of shutting out the graveyard and making a charming foreground.

But to return to the story. While William of Deloraine, with the mystic book pressed close to his breast, was eagerly returning to Branksome, the fair Lady Margaret was early awake and seeking the greenwood at dawn of light to meet her lover, the Baron Henry.

> A fairer pair were never seen
> To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
> He was stately and young and tall,
> Dreaded in battle and loved in hall;
> And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
> Lent to her cheek a livelier red,
> When the half sigh her swelling breast
> Against the silken ribbon pressed,
> When her blue eyes their secret told,
> Though shaded by her locks of gold —
> Where would you find the peerless fair
> With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

Lockhart finds in this passage 'the form and features of Scott's first love,' and also says that the choice of the hero was dictated by the poet's affection for the living descendants of the Baron of Cranstoun. One of these, George Cranstoun, afterward Lord Corehouse, was one of Scott's earliest friends. His sister, the Countess of Purgstall, was the confidante of Scott at the time of his early disappointment in love.

MELROSE ABBEY

The meeting of the lovers was all too brief. The Baron's horse pricked up his ears, 'as if a distant noise he hears,' and the goblin dwarf signed to the lovers to part and fly. William of Deloraine, returning from his all-night ride, was seen coming down the hill into 'Branksome's hawthorn green.' No words were wasted.

> Their very coursers seemed to know
> That each was other's mortal foe.

Like the bursting of a thundercloud the two champions met, and in another moment William of Deloraine lay on the ground, with Cranstoun's lance, broken, in his bosom. The goblin page was directed to attend the wounded knight, and in doing so discovered the 'Mighty Book' from which he learned some mischievous 'spells.' The son of the Ladye of Branksome was lured into the woods and fell into the hands of an English yeoman who took him, a captive, to Lord Dacre. Scouts hurrying into the castle brought news of the approach of three thousand Englishmen led by 'Belted Will Howard' and 'Hot Lord Dacre.'

Naworth Castle, the home of the Dacres and later of the Howards, was one of the first places we visited. It is a fine old baronial castle in Cumberland County, about twelve miles from Carlisle. It was built in the fourteenth century by the Dacre family, who derived their name from the exploits of an ancestor who was conspicuous at the Siege of Acre in the Holy Land, under King Richard the Lion-Hearted. In the sixteenth century it passed into the possession of Lord William Howard, a famous 'warden of the marches,' who became known as 'Belted Will Howard.'

His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard Belted Will.

One of the towers of Naworth, which this celebrity occupied, still remains much as he left it, even to the books that formed his library. Lanercost Priory, the burial-place of the Howards and Dacres, is an unusually picturesque and interesting ruin in the same vicinity.

The beacon fires soon summoned a goodly array of the best blood of Scotland to meet the English invaders, among whom were Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a descendant of James, Lord Douglas, who attempted to carry the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land. But the battle was averted, and instead a single combat arranged between Richard of Musgrave and William of Deloraine, the prize of the field to be the young Buccleuch, who had fallen into the hands of the English. The Lady of Branksome was escorted to the field of the tournament by Lord Howard, while Margaret had the stately Douglas by her side. The strife was desperate and long, and in the end Musgrave was slain. But not by the hand of William of Deloraine. Lord Cranstoun, by the aid of magic learned from the 'Mighty Book' and assisted by the goblin page, had contrived to array himself in the armour of Sir William and so had won the fight.

'And who art thou,' they cried,
'Who hast this battle fought and won?'
His pluméd helm was soon undone —
'Cranstoun of Teviot-side!
For this fair prize I've fought and won' —
And to the Ladye led her son.

Then and there the feud was ended. The Ladye of Branksome, declaring that 'pride is quelled and love is free,' gave the hand of Margaret to the Baron of Cranstoun, with all the noble lords assembled to grace the betrothal with their presence.

The sixth canto is superfluous if we consider that the story ends with the betrothal. And yet it contains some of the finest passages in the whole poem. It opens with that superb outburst of patriotism, beginning, —

> Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land? —

which shows, better than anything else, the extent to which Scott's inspiration was derived from his own Scotland.

> O Caledonia, stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child!
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,
> Land of my sires! what mortal hand
> Can e'er untie the filial band
> That knits me to thy rugged strand!

Here, too, we find the ballad of the lovely Rosabelle, having its scene in the Castle of Roslin, in the vale of the Esk, which Scott learned to love during those six bright years spent at Lasswade. This alone would almost justify the extra canto, but we have in addition the stately requiem of Melrose Abbey, bringing the poem to a solemn and beautiful close.

Then comes the final word of the old minstrel: —

> Hushed is the harp — the Minstrel gone.
> And did he wander forth alone?
> Alone, in indigence and age,
> To linger out his pilgrimage?

No: close beneath proud Newark's tower
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower,
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.

These lines are but the embodiment of one of Scott's dreams at the time he wrote them. The small estate of Broadmeadows, near the ruins of Newark, was about to be offered for sale, and Scott, dreaming of the time when he might have a home of his own, rode around it frequently with Lord and Lady Dalkeith, earnestly hoping that some day he might possess it. But the vision faded when the success of the poem gave him larger ambitions, leading ultimately to the purchase of Abbotsford.

CHAPTER III

MARMION

THERE was no title of which Scott was more fond than that of 'Sheriff of Ettrick Forest.' The 'Shirra,' as he was affectionately called, was a welcome guest in every farmhouse and there were few in the region where he had not been entertained. The 'Forest' comprises the great tract of hilly country lying between the Tweed and Ettrick Water and extending as far east as Selkirk. Perhaps because we were familiar with the Adirondacks and the Blue Ridge Mountains, where one may travel for hours in the shade of the 'forest primeval,' it was to us a distinct disappointment, and recalled the remark of Washington Irving, that you could almost see a stout fly walking along the profile of the hills. Centuries ago these hills, now completely denuded, were clothed with a dense growth of trees and the entire region was set apart as a royal hunting-ground. It is recorded that in the sixteenth century King James V gave a royal hunting-party, in which the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland to the extent of twelve thousand men participated. But love of sport at length gave way to royal cupidity. For the sake of increasing his revenue, the king turned the forest into a huge sheep pasture, and these hungry animals, still retaining possession, have literally destroyed the forest and changed the whole aspect of the land. Scott, nevertheless, loved the bare hills, and said, 'If I

could not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die.'

The duties of the Sheriff's office compelled a change from Lasswade to a place nearer the town of Selkirk, and Scott found a small farm well suited to his fancy, near the northern limits of the 'Forest,' at Ashestiel, on high ground overlooking the Tweed. Here he spent some of the happiest summers of his life. In a letter to Dr. Leyden, he gives a pleasant picture of his happy family at this time: —

Here we live all the summer like little kings, and only wish that you could take a scamper with me over the hills in the morning, and return to a clean tablecloth, a leg of forest mutton, and a blazing hearth in the afternoon. Walter has acquired the surname of Gilnockie, being large of limb and bone and dauntless in disposition like that noted chieftain. Your little friend Sophia is grown a tall girl, and I think promises to be very clever, as she discovers uncommon acuteness of apprehension. We have, moreover, a little roundabout girl with large dark eyes, as brown, as good-humoured, and as lively as the mother that bore her, and of whom she is the most striking picture. Over and above all this, there is *in rerum natura* a certain little Charles, so called after the Knight of the Crocodile; but of this gentleman I can say but little, as he is only five months old, and consequently not at the time of life when I can often enjoy the 'honour of his company.'

Of the house itself and its surroundings Lockhart has given a charming description: —

You approached it through an old-fashioned garden, with holly hedges, and broad, green terrace walks. On one side, close under the windows, is a deep ravine, clothed with venerable trees, down which a mountain rivulet is heard, more than seen, in its progress to the Tweed. The river itself is

ASHESTIEL

separated from the high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the richest verdure. Opposite, and all around, are the green hills. The valley there is narrow and the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose.

They were eight miles from the nearest town and four from the nearest neighbour. The latter circumstance Scott did not regret, though he found the former somewhat inconvenient for obtaining needed supplies and naïvely complains to Lady Abercorn that he had been compelled to go out and shoot a crow to get a quill with which to write her. Nearly the whole country roundabout belonged to the Duke of Buccleuch, who gave the poet full liberty to hunt upon his estates. The Tweed in the vicinity of Ashestiel and of Elibank, a little above, was unsurpassed for fishing. A favourite sport was 'leistering kippers,' or spearing salmon at night by the light of a blazing peat fire. Perhaps the most exhilarating pastime of all was the horseback riding, in which the poet was an expert. Accompanied by one or more of his most congenial friends, he would make excursions into remote regions, never dismounting in the very worst paths and displaying powers of endurance and fearlessness that made him the wonder and the envy of his companions.

Scott was now in the full vigour of his manhood. The weakness of earlier years had disappeared, and with the exception of the lameness, which never left him, he was strong and healthy in body as well as mind. He was in the full flush of his first great fame as a man of letters, and the trials of his later life had not yet begun.

It was at this period and under these circumstances

that the poem of 'Marmion' was written. The poet's enthusiasm for the locality in which he lived, and for the friends who made that life a joy, found expression in the Introductions to the six cantos, each addressed to one of his intimate companions. Most readers of 'Marmion,' becoming absorbed in the story, have regarded these introductions as unnecessary interruptions. But no one would wish them to be omitted, for they reveal the author who is telling the tale, and we seem to see him in his changing environment, through the successive seasons as the poem advances, beginning with the day at Ashestiel, when

> November's sky is chill and drear
> November's leaf is red and sear;

and closing with the Christmas-time, a year later at Mertoun House, where the poet passed the happy days in the house where his great grandsire came of old, 'the feast and holy tide to share.'

The introductions were originally intended to be published in a separate volume as 'Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest.' The first, as of course every one knows, is inscribed to William Stewart Rose, a poet who is chiefly known for his translation of Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso.' It opens with a fine description of the beginning of winter at Ashestiel, then turns to thoughts of 'My country's wintry state,' and the loss to Britain brought by the death of the two rival statesmen, Pitt and Fox, who had passed away in the same year, 1806, in which the poem was begun.

The second canto, inscribed to the Rev. John Marriott, is reminiscent of scenes and incidents of the Ettrick Forest. The third canto is the most important of

all because of its autobiographic character. It is addressed to William Erskine, a warm friend of the poet's youth, in whose literary judgment Scott reposed the firmest faith. He had been from the beginning a kind of literary monitor, sympathizing fully with Scott's feeling for the picturesque side of Scottish life, but strongly urging him to follow more closely the masters of poetry in some of the minor graces of arrangement and diction. This the poet declares is impossible, and exclaims: —

> Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale
> Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale!

In this Introduction the poet's mind reverts to the scenes of his childhood, the old farm at Sandy Knowe, where he lived with his grandfather, and the ancient tower of Smailholm near by.

> Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
> Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.
> . . . . . .
> It was a barren scene and wild,
> Where naked cliffs were rudely piled,
> But ever and anon between
> Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
> And well the lonely infant knew
> Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
> And honeysuckle loved to crawl
> Up the low crag and ruined wall.
> I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
> The sun in all its round surveyed.

The preparation for the writing of 'Marmion' began right here, for the love of martial tales so early implanted in the poet's breast never ceased to grow until it reached its full maturity.

> While stretched at length upon the floor,
> Again I fought each combat o'er,

Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish lion bore,
And still the scattered Southron fled before.

The fourth canto is inscribed to the poet's artist friend, James Skene, with whom he made many an excursion on horseback through the Border country. It recalls many memories of summer days and winter nights, happily spent with mutual friends. The fifth is addressed to George Ellis, a man of wide knowledge of poetry and extensive literary attainments, with whom Scott was on terms of almost brotherly intimacy. It was written from Edinburgh, more than a year after the beginning of the poem, and is distinguished by a fine outburst of enthusiasm for the poet's native city, 'Caledonia's Queen.' The sixth canto and the last is dedicated to Richard Heber, who had rendered able assistance in the preparation of the 'Border Minstrelsy.' He was a member of Parliament for Oxford and a man of profound knowledge of the literary monuments of the Middle Ages. He possessed an extensive library to which he gave the poet free access, and his oral commentaries were scarcely less important. The introduction was written at Mertoun House, where Scott had gone to spend the Christmas season at the home of the head of his clan.

Heap on more wood! — the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

A brief review of the well-known narrative will serve to point out the most important of the many interesting and often beautiful scenes which the poet so graphically

ENTRANCE TO NORHAM CASTLE

describes. The story opens, as everybody knows, at Norham Castle at close of day, when Lord Marmion, mounted on his red-roan charger, proudly enters, —

> Armed from head to heel
> In mail and plate of Milan steel,

with helm richly embossed with burnished gold and surmounted by a flowing crest, amid which

> A falcon hovered on her nest,
> With wings outspread and forward breast.

He was followed by two gallant and ambitious squires; then came four men-at-arms 'with halbert, bill, and battle-axe,' bearing their chieftain's lance and pennon; and finally twenty yeomen, each a chosen archer who could bend a six-foot bow, and all with falcons embroidered on their breasts. They were welcomed with blare of trumpets and the martial salute of cannon, making a clangor, such as the old turrets of Norham had seldom heard. Marmion responded to the noisy welcome of soldiers and minstrels by a lavish distribution of gold and was ushered into the presence of Sir Hugh the Heron, with whom he spent the hours till midnight in sumptuous feasting.

Norham Castle, the ruins of which we reached at the close of day, after a long tour by motor from Berwick, was once a magnificent mansion and fortress, standing on high ground overlooking the Tweed. For a thousand years it was the scene of alternating peace and turmoil. Founded in the seventh century, it passed from English to Scottish hands and back again for many years. By the beginning of the thirteenth century it had become one of the strongest of English fortresses. James IV captured it just before the battle of Flodden Field, but

after that event the English recovered it. For the past three hundred years it has been crumbling to ruins, and now there is little left except a single wall and a remnant of the

> sable palisade,
> That closed the castle barricade

before which Marmion's bugle-horn was sounded.

Like so many of Scott's characters, Marmion, though a fictitious personage, moved among the real people of history and could boast a genuine ancestry. There was a distinguished family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenoy in Normandy, one of whom became a follower of William the Conqueror and received a grant of the castle and tower of Tamworth and the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. The family became extinct in the latter part of the thirteenth century.

In the second canto the scene changes to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle, where Constance de Beverley is a prisoner. She had broken her vows as a nun and deserted the convent to follow Marmion, in the guise of a page, as his paramour —

> And forfeited to be his slave
> All here, and all beyond the grave.

The island, so called, is on the English coast of the North Sea, about ten miles southeast of Berwick. We reached it by crossing the sands in a two-wheeled vehicle, something like an Irish jaunting-car, in which springless instrument of torture we were compelled to travel about three miles. At intervals along the route there are little groups of poles standing in the water, with miniature platforms near the top. These are havens of refuge. If

you get caught by the rising tides you have only to make for one of these, and, after watching your horse drown, wait for five or six hours until, with the turn of the tide, somebody comes along to rescue you. Our enterprising Jehu assured us that the tide would be running out, and that there was no danger. But when about halfway over we began to notice that the ride was rising, and the water was soon nearly up to the bed of the wagon. We had made the entire journey in the face of a rising tide and reached the island none too soon, for it was nearly high tide.

Cuthbert, the patron saint of the Holy Island, flourished in the seventh century. He was a prior of the original Melrose Abbey — not the one which is now a ruin in the town of that name, but its predecessor which occupied a site farther down the Tweed. Later he became Prior of Lindisfarne and afterward Bishop. The ruins of the abbey show that it must have been a very extensive establishment of great antiquity. Besides the foundation stones, little now remains except part of the walls of the church which are best described in the poet's words: —

> In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
> With massive arches broad and round,
> That rose alternate, row and row,
> On ponderous columns, short and low,
> Built ere the art was known
> By pointed aisle and shafted stalk
> The arcades of an alleyed walk
> To emulate in stone.

We searched in vain for the dreadful 'Vault of Penitence,' the awful dungeon below the abbey, its position known only by the abbot, to which both victim and

executioner were led blindfold. There is no trace of any underground vaults nor of anything resembling the niche where poor Constance was immured, to die a slow death from starvation. As a matter of fact, Lindisfarne was never a convent at all. But at Coldingham Abbey, on the coast of Scotland not many miles away, there was discovered, in Scott's time, a female skeleton which, from the shape of the niche and the position of the figure, seemed to be that of a nun immured very much as Constance was supposed to have been.

Returning to Norham Castle, and continuing the narrative, we find Marmion and his men preparing to depart at an early hour of the morning following their arrival. Guided by the supposed Holy Palmer, they travelled all day, following the mountain paths straight across the Lammermuir Hills, in a northwesterly direction, until at close of day they came to the village of Gifford, four or five miles south of the town of Haddington. A night at the village inn, a weird ghost story by the landlord, and a strange, uncanny adventure of Marmion resulting from it, complete the experiences of the first twenty-four hours. The next day the travellers meet a messenger from the King, Sir David Lindsay, by whom they are escorted to Crichton Castle and entertained in royal magnificence. We found the ruins of this picturesque old castle on the banks of the Tyne, a dozen miles southeast from Edinburgh. From his boyhood they had exercised a fascinating influence upon the poet.

> Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
> But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
> Thy turrets rude and tottered keep
> Have been the minstrel's loved resort.

LINDISFARNE ABBEY

During his school days, Scott took many a vacation tramp to visit the scenes in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh which appealed to his fancy, and nothing ever made a stronger appeal than some old ruin to which was attached a bit of history or legend. Referring to the time when he was about thirteen years old, he says, in the brief fragment of his 'Autobiography': —

> To this period I can trace distinctly the awaking of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. . . . The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents, or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe.

It was with something of this same feeling that the poet caused Marmion to travel from Norham to Edinburgh by a circuitous route, in order that he might visit Crichton and afterward view Edinburgh from the Blackford Hills. Mr. Guthrie Wright, a friend and relative of Scott's friend, Erskine, once asked the poet: 'Why did ever mortal coming from England to Edinburgh go by Gifford, Crichton Castle, Borthwick Castle, and over the top of Blackford Hill? Not only is it a circuitous detour, but there never was a road that way since the world was created!' 'That is a most irrelevant objection,' said Sir Walter; 'it was my good pleasure to bring Marmion

by that route, for the purpose of describing the places you have mentioned, and the view from Blackford Hill — it was his business to find the road and pick his steps the best way he could.'

At Crichton, Marmion heard from Sir David Lindsay a legend of King James and the Palace of Linlithgow.

> Of all the palaces so fair
> Built for the royal dwelling
> In Scotland, far beyond compare
> Linlithgow is excelling.

This famous palace, now a ruin, lies about midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow. It is beautifully situated on a small loch, from the opposite shores of which it makes an imposing appearance. The walls are in a good state of preservation and still give some intimations of the early magnificence of the royal residence. Three of the Stuart kings, James III, IV, and V, occupied it in succession. Mary, Queen of Scots, was born here in what was once a large and beautiful room. On the opposite side of the building is a room ninety-eight feet long and thirty feet wide, formerly used by the Scottish Parliaments, and the scene of many a state banquet. At one end is an immense fireplace which still remains in almost perfect condition. In the large court are the remains of a fine fountain, with elaborate carvings, erected by James V in anticipation of his marriage with the Princess Madeleine of France. The most striking feature of the palace is Queen Margaret's Bower, a lofty turret, where it is said the Queen watched all day for her husband's return from Flodden Field, only to learn of his disastrous defeat and death. As I stood on the parapet opposite the bower, preparing to make its photograph,

the custodian reminded me that I was standing where many famous people used to promenade.

Adjoining the palace is the ancient church of St. Michael's, where, according to Lindsay's story, King James received the ghostly visitor in the semblance of the Apostle John, bearing the prophetic warning: —

> 'My mother sent me from afar,
> Sir King, to warn thee not to war, —
> Woe waits on thine array;
> If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
> Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
> James Stuart, doubly warned, beware:
> God keep thee as he may!'

From Crichton the journey to the Scottish camp was resumed, and the party now traverses ground even more familiar to the poet: —

> Early they took Dun-Edin's road,
> And I could trace each step they trode;
> Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
> Lies on the path to me unknown.

Over this well-worn road they reached the top of Blackford Hill, and the view that met their eyes aroused an enthusiasm that even Marmion, sullen warrior that he was, could scarcely suppress. The Scottish camp, lying on the plain below, is painted in all the colours of the rainbow: —

> A thousand streamers flaunted fair;
> Various in shape, device, and hue,
> Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue.

The city, too, is pictured in colours no less vivid and glows ' with gloomy splendour, red.' The Ochil Mountains, reflecting the morning rays are like a 'purple ame-

thyst'; the islands in the Firth are like 'emeralds chased in gold'; and a 'dusky grandeur clothed the height, where the huge castle holds its state.'

The scene which Marmion saw, the poet admits, was far different in his own time; and it has changed, perhaps, even more since Sir Walter's day, for the plain where King James's army lay is now filled with well-built cottages. But the dominating features of the view, the huge castle on the left, Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags on the right, Calton Hill, and the crown-shaped steeple of St. Giles still remain to command our admiration and delight.

Passing through the Scottish camp, Marmion and his train soon came to Holyrood Palace. The tower on the left was built by James IV as a royal palace in 1498–1503. In the latter year it was the scene of the marriage of the King to Princess Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII of England. The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence. Here Marmion is received by the King, who, on the night before marching to the south, is making Holyrood ring with 'wassail, mirth, and glee.' He is devoting much attention to the wife of Sir Hugh the Heron, who sings for him the song of the young Lochinvar. A glance, thrown by 'the witching dame' to Marmion, arouses the jealous displeasure of the King, and Marmion is hurried off to Tantallon Castle, under conduct of the owner of that stronghold, Douglas, Earl of Angus, known as Archibald Bell-the-Cat. Tantallon is on the north coast of Haddingtonshire, near the town of North Berwick. The ruins still remain,

Broad, massive, high, and stretching far.

TANTALLON CASTLE

They stand on a high, projecting rock, guarded on three sides by the ocean, while on the land side the remnant of the 'double mound and fosse' may still be seen. The castle was a favourite residence of the Douglas family, though its fame owes less to history than to the genius of Sir Walter. It was here that Marmion dared

> To beard the lion in his den
> The Douglas in his hall, —

and in defiance of Lord Angus gave utterance to one of those dramatic passages which have made the poem linger so long in the memory of all its readers. This is one of the chief characteristics of Scott's poetry, that certain lines will insist upon 'running in one's head.' George Ellis pointed out the significant fact that 'everybody reads Marmion more than once' and that it improves on second reading. Perhaps this is why so many people can quote freely from the poem, particularly such passages as the quarrel of Marmion and Douglas.

From Tantallon, Marmion and his men, with the Lady Clare, proceed to Flodden Field, reaching at eve the convent of Lennel where 'now is left but one frail arch.' This resting place is on the river Tweed just below the town of Coldstream and not far from the famous ford at the mouth of the river Leet, used by Edward I in the invasion of Scotland near the close of the thirteenth century and by the contending armies of England and Scotland for nearly four hundred years afterward. Over this ford Marmion rushes impetuously to throw himself into the thick of the battle.

> Then on that dangerous ford and deep
> Where to the Tweed Leet's eddies creep
> He ventured desperately:

And not a moment will he bide
Till squire or groom before him ride;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.

Sir Walter wrote this passage, and many more like it, from experience, for it was one of his chief delights to ford a stream. James Skene said he believed there was not a single ford in the whole course of the Tweed that he and Scott had not traversed together. 'He had an amazing fondness for fords, and was not a little adventurous in plunging through, whatever might be the state of the flood, and this even though there happened to be a bridge in view. If it seemed possible to scramble through, he scorned to go ten yards about, and in fact preferred the ford.' There was a ford at Ashestiel that was never a good one. At one time, after a severe storm, it became quite perilous. Scott was the first to attempt the passage, which he accomplished in safety, thanks to his steady nerve and good horsemanship, for his favourite black horse, Captain, was obliged to swim nearly the whole distance across.

Many of the landmarks of Flodden Field may still be seen. The Twisel Bridge over which the English crossed the Till; Ford Castle, the residence of Sir William Heron, whom Scott transfers to Norham, changing his name to Hugh; Etal Castle, which with Ford, Norham, and Wark was captured by King James; a remnant of the old cross in the field where Marmion died; the well of Sybil Grey, a spring running into a small stone basin, upon which has been cut an inscription something like that referred to in the poem; and 'Marmion's well' at the edge of the village of Branxton, which the local

inhabitants are certain is the real spring where Clare filled Marmion's helm with the cooling water, — all these are easily visited in a day's drive. On the summit of Piper's Hill a monument has been erected, marking the spot where King James fell.

The King failed to heed the warning given in Linlithgow. He insisted upon going to war and wasted too much precious time with the Lady Heron. As a result he seemed to do everything that a good general would not have done and he failed to do all that a competent leader would have done. The poet gives full vent to his righteous indignation: —

> And why stands Scotland idly now,
> Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
> Since England gains the pass the while,
> And struggles through the deep defile?
> What checks the fiery soul of James?
> Why sits that champion of the dames
> Inactive on his steed?
> . . . . . .
> O Douglas, for thy leading wand!
> Fierce Randolph for thy speed!
> Oh! for one hour of Wallace wight,
> Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight
> And cry, 'Saint Andrew and our right!'
> Another sight had seen that morn,
> From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
> And Flodden had been Bannockbourne.

The King fell, bravely fighting, it is said, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey. The noblest of the Scottish army lay dead and dying about the field. Never before in Scottish history had there been so great a disaster as that

> Of Flodden's fatal field
> Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
> And broken was her shield!

Richard H. Hutton thinks that Scott's description of war in this account is perhaps the most perfect which the English language contains, and that 'Marmion' is Scott's finest poem. 'The Battle of Flodden Field,' he says, 'touches his highest point in its expression of stern, patriotic feeling, in its passionate love of daring, and in the force and swiftness of its movement, no less than in the brilliancy of its romantic interests, the charm of its picturesque detail, and the glow of its scenic colouring.'

Lockhart, whose judgment must always be regarded, also believed 'Marmion' to be the greatest of Scott's poems, because of its 'superior strength and breadth and boldness both of conception and execution.' It has been severely criticized. That Marmion, a knight of many noble qualities, should have been guilty of the contemptible crime of forgery, is a blot which Scott himself acknowledged. Mr. Andrew Lang thinks that 'our age could easily dispense with Clara and her lover.' George Ellis, on the contrary, thought it too short, that 'the masterly character of Constance would not have been less bewitching had it been much more minutely painted — and that De Wilton might have been dilated with great ease and even to considerable advantage.' Lord Jeffrey denounced it in characteristic fashion as an 'imitation of obsolete extravagance.' Such a thing, he thought, might be excused for once as a 'pretty caprice of genius,' but a second production imposed 'a sort of duty to drive the author from so idle a task.'

But Jeffrey's crabbed remarks were universally condemned as unjust and the public responded to 'Marmion' with enthusiasm. Scott had painted a picture full of lofty patriotism and glowing with life and colour.

He had glorified his native city with a fervour that went straight to the hearts of its people. The bravery of the Scottish troops as they rallied around their king and fought to the bitter end seemed to turn the worst disaster in their history into a scene of which every Scotchman might well be proud. The great chieftains of Scotland had been exalted. The hills and mountains, the rivers and brooks, and all the delightful scenes of the southern border had been painted in charming colours. And so the poet had touched the pride of his countrymen and if there were faults of composition or of diction they saw them not.

CHAPTER IV

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THE most popular of all Scott's poems, as 'The Lady of the Lake' has proved to be, is in reality a romantic story set to music and staged in an environment of wondrous natural beauty. It is like an open-air play, but with this advantage, that the audience seems to move continually from one scene of beauty to another, each more entrancing than the one before. You may travel from Stirling to Loch Katrine and from the Trossachs to the Braes of Balquhidder and all the time feel the thrill of the poem, which seems fairly to permeate the atmosphere. It is full of incident, and there is never a dull moment from the beginning of the stag hunt in the solitudes of Glenartney to the final scenes of generosity and gratitude, of love and joyous reunion, in the King's Palace of Stirling Castle. The characters are types, each presenting a poetic interest of his own, of a race of men famous in history and in song for deeds of personal prowess, for skill in the use of claymore and battle-axe, for loyalty to friends, for bitter resentment of wrongs, for courage, for endurance, for hospitality, for love of music and poetry, for strength of physique and for picturesque personal appearance and attire.

The spell of the Wizard of the North came upon us as we entered the enchanted land and his whole company of players appeared as if by magic. In the centre of the group there seemed to be the figure of a young woman,

pure, beautiful, and good — yet not too good to be human, for she was at least sensitive to the admiring glances of a certain handsome, well-built, and courteous stranger. But Ellen Douglas was nevertheless true to her accepted lover, faithful to her father, and loyal to her own ideals of truth and right.

> And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
> A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
> Of finer form or lovelier face.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid:
> Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
> Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
> And seldom was a snood amid
> Such wild, luxuriant ringlets hid
> Whose glossy black to shame might bring
> The plumage of the raven's wing:
> And seldom o'er a breast so fair
> Mantled a plaid with modest care,
> And never brooch the folds combined
> Above a heart more good and kind.

Grouped about the maiden were the figures of a Lowland king, a Highland chieftain, a stalwart father, and a sturdy lover. The first two presented a striking contrast. The King, disguised as a hunter in Lincoln green, with a bold visage upon which middle age had not yet quenched the fiery vehemence of youth; with sturdy limbs fitted for any kind of active sport or contest; with stately mien and ready speech, 'in phrase of gentlest courtesy'; jovial, kindly, even gleeful and frolicsome at times, with the will to do and the soul to dare, made a splendid picture as he stood upon the Silver Strand, face to face with Ellen Douglas. Far different was the sullen visage of Roderick Dhu, as

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode:
The waving of his tartan broad,
And darkened brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,
Like the ill Demon of the night.

Yet in spite of the fierce aspect of this terrible chief, one cannot withhold his admiration, and we feel like echoing the shout of enthusiasm of the cheering boatmen as they approach the island, singing, —

Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

When Roderick scorns to take advantage of Fitz-James, though the latter is in his power, and shares with him his camp-fire, his supper, and his bed, finally conducting him in safety through hundreds of hostile Highlanders to the very limits of Clan-Alpine's territory, there to battle single-handed and on equal terms, we begin to feel what real Highland hospitality and chivalry mean and to realize the true nobility of character beneath the rough exterior of this stern soldier.

Ellen's father, the exiled Douglas, was a giant in stature who could wield as lightly as a hazel wand a sword which other men could scarcely lift.

The women praised his stately form,
Though wrecked by many a winter's storm;
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.

Contrasting with this fine old man was Malcolm Graeme, Ellen's lover: —

Of stature fair, and slender frame
But firmly knit was Malcolm Graeme.

LOCH ACHRAY

> The belted plaid and tartan hose
> Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
> His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
> Curled closely round the bonnet blue.

His mind was 'lively and ardent, frank and kind,' and he had a scorn of wrong and a zeal for truth that promised to make his name one of the greatest in the mountains. But poor Malcolm was to the poet's mind not an artistic success. The latter confessed that he compelled him to swim from Ellen's Isle to the shore merely to give him something to do, but 'wet or dry,' he said, 'I could do nothing with him.'

Behind these five figures we could fancy a white-haired minstrel, harp in hand; a hermit monk, in frock and hood, barefooted, with grizzled hair and matted beard, naked arms and legs seamed with scars, and a wild and savage face that spoke of nothing but despair; three young men in kilt skirts and Highland plaids, every movement showing the agile strength of their youthful limbs, passing from one to another a cross of fire, — Malise, Angus, and Norman, the messengers who summoned the clans to battle; and back of all, filling up the picture, Highlanders of high and low degree, men, women, and children, all fired with intense loyalty to the Clan-Alpine. The whole picture seemed to project itself upon a background of mountains and valleys, lakes, rivers and waterfalls, fantastic rocks and weather-beaten crags, grey birches and warrior oaks, ferns and wild flowers, all

> So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
> The scenery of a fairy dream.

Scott was always fond of brilliant hues, but here he fairly revels in colour: —

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way:
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.

. . . . . .

All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen.
The brier rose fell in streamers green
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

. . . . . .

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child,
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there:
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each clift a narrow bower.

The best way to read 'The Lady of the Lake' is to see the Trossachs; the best way to see the Trossachs is to read 'The Lady of the Lake.' There is a peculiar affinity between the poem and the country that makes each indispensable to the other. Those who read the poem without some knowledge of the scenery are likely to have an inadequate conception of its real significance, or possibly to feel that the poet has painted in colours too vivid and that his enthusiasm is not perhaps fully justified by the facts. Those who see the Trossachs without reading the poem are apt to say, as one man did say to me, 'Yes, this is beautiful, but after all I have seen just such roads in New Hampshire.' He might have added, 'The Rocky Mountains are much higher and more sublime, and the Italian lakes reflect a sky of more brilliant blue and are bordered by foliage infinitely more gorgeous in its colourings,' — all of which is true. But when you come to read the poem with a mental vision of the Tros-

sachs before you and to see the Trossachs with the exquisite descriptions of the poem fully in mind, each acquires a new charm which alone it did not possess.

Before the poem was written the Trossachs were scarcely known and Loch Katrine was no more than any other Highland lake. Now these regions are visited yearly by thousands of tourists and to those who know the poem, every turn in the road seems to suggest some favourite stanza. To us the tour was one of unfailing delight and productive of mental visions that will never fade. The Brig o' Turk is to me not merely an old stone bridge over a placid rivulet; but, rushing over it at full speed, eagerly spurring his fine grey horse to further effort, I see the figure of a gallant hunter clad in a close-fitting suit of green, his eyes intently fixed on the road ahead, where a splendid stag, now nearly exhausted, is straining his last ounce of energy in a final effort to distance the pursuing hounds. To me the low ground on the edge of Loch Vennachar, known as Lanrick Mead, appears like a military camp, with great crowds of giant clansmen, in Highland kilts and plaids of many colours, their spears and battle-axes glistening in the sun. The aged oak, bending over the water's edge on Ellen's Isle, is not merely an old dead tree, but it brings the vision of Ellen Douglas putting forth in her frail shallop to answer (as she supposes) the bugle call of her noble father from the Silver Strand.

This is the secret charm of the Trossachs. The tourist who goes through, as many do, with whole-hearted devotion to the time-table and guide-book, and whose mind is fixed upon the absolute necessity of 'making' all the points in his itinerary, does not see these scenes any

more than do the horses who draw the lumbering coaches. The more leisurely traveller who can follow the course of the poem, viewing each scene as Scott has so charmingly described it, finds exhilaration and delight in every step of the way.

Scott was only fifteen when he began to make those merry expeditions to the Highlands in the company of congenial companions which gave him so much material of the right kind as to make a poem inevitable. He learned to know the strange but romantic Highland clansmen; he heard many tales and bits of history which his memory stored up for the future, and the rare beauty of the scenery fascinated him as it does every one else. 'This poem,' he said, 'the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labour of love and it was no less so to recall the memories and incidents introduced.'

In one of these excursions (in 1793), he visited the home of the young Laird of Cambusmore, John Buchanan, one of his associates, and subsequently revisited the place many times. Cambusmore is a charming estate about two miles southeast of Callander. Entering by the porter's gate, we drove through a beautiful winding road, lined with rhododendrons. The shrubs, or rather trees (for their extraordinary height and wide-spreading branches entitle them to the more dignified name), were in full bloom, thousands of great, splendid clusters vying with each other to see which could catch and reflect the most sunlight. Here we were hospitably received by the present owner, Mrs. Hamilton, a great-granddaughter of Scott's friend, John Buchanan. The house has been considerably enlarged, but the older por-

CAMBUSMORE

tion, thickly covered with ivy, is very much as it was when Scott was a guest and sat on the porch, listening to the story of Buchanan's ancestors. While he was writing 'The Lady of the Lake,' Scott revisited Cambusmore and recited parts of the poem to Mrs. Hamilton's grandfather. He also demonstrated, by actually performing the feat himself, that it would be possible for a horseman to ride from the foot of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle in the time allotted to Fitz-James.

From the road in front of this mansion, far away to the north, but faintly visible through the trees, we could see the 'wild heaths of Uam Var,' where the stag first sought refuge when, driven by the deep baying of the hounds, he left the cool shades of Glenartney's hazel woods. From another side we caught a fine glimpse of what the huntsmen saw

When rose Ben Ledi's ridge in air.

These hills of Scotland have witnessed many a hunt where scores of men dashed wildly after the frightened game. But no stag, ever before or since, has been pursued by so many eager hunters as the creature of Scott's fancy. We joined in the hunt, as all tourists are supposed to do, provided they have the time, which many, especially Americans, have not, for as one Scotchman put it, 'they go through so fast, sir, that you could set a tea-table on their coat-tails, sir.'

We saw 'the varied realms of fair Menteith,' a lovely little lake with irregular shores and studded with bright green islands. I remember I had to walk a long way over a lonely heath to get my picture of the lake, and that I was closely followed by a large flock of angry plovers

who feared that I might harm their nests. They flew so close that I had to keep one arm above my head for defence, and all the time they were screaming vociferously.

We visited 'far Loch Ard' and Aberfoyle, both associated more closely with Rob Roy. We found

> the copsewood grey
> That waved and wept on Loch Achray;

and climbed up among

> the pine trees blue
> On the bold cliffs of Ben Venue.

We passed along 'Bocastle's heath' and reached the shores of Loch Vennachar, more fortunate than the huntsmen of the poem, most of whom gave up from sheer exhaustion before they reached that place. For,

> when the Brig o' Turk was won,
> The headmost horseman rode alone.

This picturesque old stone bridge, spanning the little stream that waters the valley of Glen Finglas, is the entrance to the Trossachs, a region, as the name implies, of wild and rugged beauty.

> Alone, but with unbated zeal,
> That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
> For jaded now, and spent with toil,
> Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
> While every gasp with sobs he drew,
> The labouring stag strained full in view.

Thus the race went along the shore of Loch Achray until they reached the dense woods that lie between this little lake and Loch Katrine. Then just as the hunter, —

> Already glorying in the prize,
> Measured his antlers with his eyes,

the wily stag dashed suddenly down a darksome glen and disappeared

> In the deep Trossach's wildest nook.

The place thus indicated may be reached by leaving the fine wagon road and walking up the hill on the right by a path that leads along a little rill to a dense thicket, over which hang some rugged cliffs. We spent a pleasant Sunday afternoon exploring the dark ravines, —

> Where twined the path in shadow hid,
> Round many a rocky pyramid,
> Shooting abruptly from the dell
> Its thunder-splintered pinnacle.

This is one of the most delightful spots in the Trossachs, though never seen by the thousands who whirl through all this enchanted land in a single day, packed five or six in a seat on a jolting coach, breathing the dust of the road and frittering away their golden opportunity in idle chatter. You cannot catch the spirit of this wild and rugged region unless you walk into the unfrequented parts and see the 'native bulwarks of the pass,' where

> The rocky summits, split and rent,
> Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
> Or seemed fantastically set
> With cupola or minaret.

Here Fitz-James found himself alone and on foot, for his good grey horse had fallen, exhausted, never to rise again. Marvelling at the beauty of the scene, he wandered on, until, seeing no pathway by which to issue from the glen, he climbed a 'far-projecting precipice'; when suddenly there burst upon his sight the grandest view of all, Loch Katrine, —

gleaming with the setting sun
One burnished sheet of living gold.

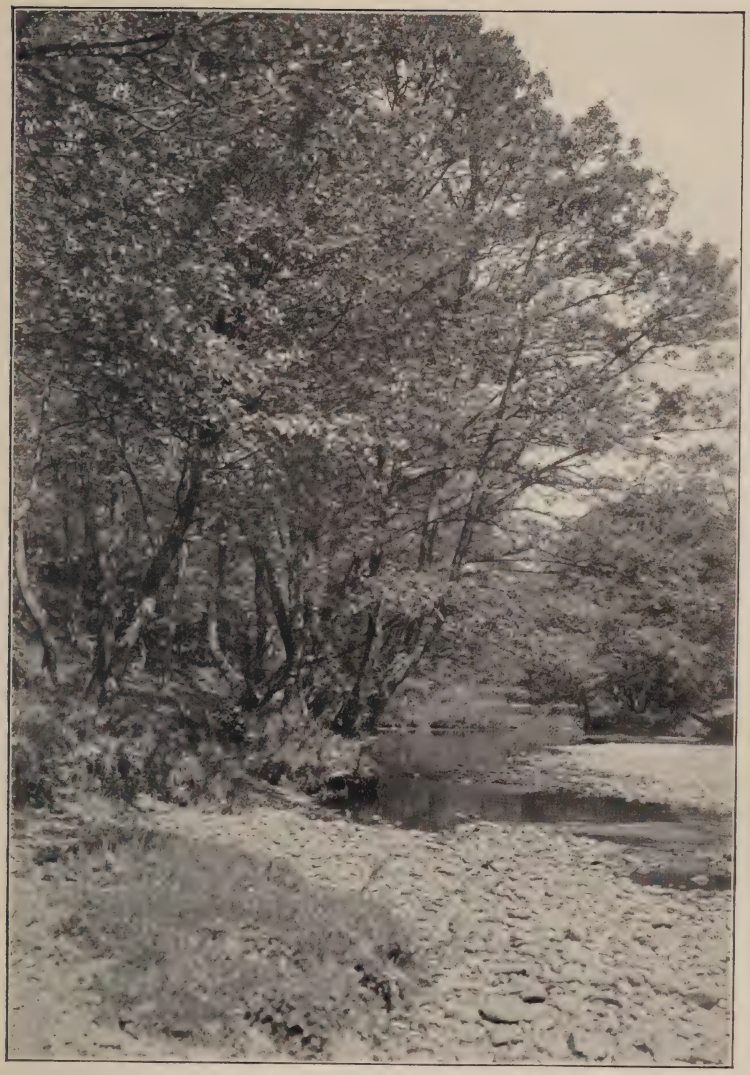
As sentinels guarding an enchanted land, two mountains stood like giants: on the south rose Ben Venue, its sides strewn with rough volcanic rocks and its summit 'a wildering forest feathered o'er': on the north 'Ben An heaved high his forehead bare.'

The stranger stood enraptured and amazed. Then, thinking to call some straggler of his train, he blew a loud blast upon his horn. To his great surprise the sound was answered by a little skiff which glided forth

From underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet's rock.

The old oak was the supposed landing place of Ellen Douglas on what has since been known as 'Ellen's Isle.' The oak, old in Scott's day, is dead now, but singularly enough it died not of old age but by drowning. Loch Katrine is now the reservoir that supplies the city of Glasgow. In preparing it for this service the engineers raised the level of the lake about twenty-five feet, creating many new islands to keep the 'lone islet' company, and completely submerging the 'Silver Strand' so often mentioned in the poem. But the beauty of the lake has not been marred, and the scenes, though changed, are still as lovely as when they aroused the poetic fervour of Sir Walter Scott.

The visitor who takes the trouble, as we did, to row out to Ellen's Isle, will find nothing to suggest the imagined home of Roderick Dhu and the temporary shelter of the Douglas and his daughter. But he will have an excellent opportunity to indulge his fancy and call back



GLENFINGLAS

to memory the stirring incidents which served to bring together all the leading people of the tale. He may stand on the shore of the island and see the barges, filled with the warriors of Roderick Dhu, bearing down upon him, their spears, pikes, and axes flashing and their banners, plaids, and plumage dancing in the air. He may hear the sound of the war-pipes and the chorus of the clansmen as they shout their chieftain's praise. Then, as the storm of war rises higher and higher, he may fancy Brian the Hermit with wild incantations calling the clans to battle and uttering a terrible curse upon any who failed to heed the summons. He may see the fiery Cross placed in the hands of the young Malise, and watch the fleet messenger as he crosses the lake to the Silver Strand where he lightly bounds ashore. Then, if he be a real enthusiast, he may follow the course of the fiery cross. Malise carried it through the Trossachs, and along the shore of Loch Achray to the hamlet of Duncraggan, just beyond the Brig o' Turk, and in sight of Lanrick Mead, the gathering-place of the clans. Then young Angus, the stripling son of Duncan, seized the fatal symbol, and hurried over the mountains, crossing the southern slopes of Ben Ledi, until, reaching the river Leny at the outlet of Loch Lubnaig, he swam the stream, and after a desperate struggle with the swollen torrent, reached the opposite bank at the chapel of St. Bride. No chapel now exists, but a stone wall marks the site where the little church once stood, and within the enclosure is a single grave. As Angus arrived, a little wedding party was issuing from the churchyard gate. The dreadful sign of fire and sword was thrust into the hands of Norman, the bridegroom, and the command given to 'speed

forth the signal.' Not daring to look a second time upon the tearful face of his lovely bride, Norman manfully seized the torch and hurried to the north. He followed the shores of Loch Lubnaig and the swampy course of the river Balvaig, then, turning sharply to the left, entered the Braes of Balquhidder and passed along the northern shores of Loch Voil and Loch Doine, two lovely little Highland lakes that lie hidden away in the solitude of the hills. Thence, turning to the south, he crossed the intervening mountains until he came to the valley of Strathgartney on the northern shore of Loch Katrine.

The scene now changes to the slopes of Ben Venue, a rugged mountain peak, towering high above the south-eastern end of Loch Katrine and dominating the entire region of the Trossachs. On the side nearest the lake is a confused mass of huge volcanic rocks overhung here and there by scraggly oaks or birches. Ancient Celtic tradition assigned this wild spot to the Urisk or shaggy men whose form was part man, part goat, like the satyrs of Greek mythology. In later times the Celtic name of Coir-nan-Uriskin gave way to the more euphonious title of the Goblin Cave. To this 'wild and strange retreat,' fit only for wolves and wild-cats, Douglas brought his daughter for safety. Roderick Dhu, hovering about the place like a restless ghost, heard the soft voice of Ellen, singing her 'Hymn to the Virgin.' Then, goaded by the thought that he should never hear that angel voice again, the chieftain strode sullenly down the mountain-side, and crossing the lake soon rejoined his men at Lanrick Mead.

In the night Douglas silently departed, resolved to go to Stirling Castle and give his life as a ransom for his

daughter and his friends. In the morning Fitz-James found the retreat of Ellen and offered to carry her away in safety. But Ellen in simple confidence told of her love for Malcolm Graeme, and warned the knight that his life was in danger from his treacherous guide. Fitz-James then gave a signet ring to Ellen, telling her to present it to the King, who would redeem it by granting whatever she might ask. The wanderer then went on his way, passing through the Trossachs again, where he met the half-crazed maid, Blanche of Devon. The poet actually saw the original of this strange character in the Pass of Glencoe. 'This poor woman,' he says, 'had placed herself in the wildest attitude imaginable upon the very top of a huge fragment of rock: she had scarce any covering but a tattered plaid, which left her arms, legs, and neck bare to the weather. Her long shaggy black hair was streaming backwards in the wind and exposed a face rather wild and wasted than ugly, and bearing a very peculiar expression of frenzy. She had a handful of eagle feathers in her hand.'

Following the dramatic death of Blanche and the swift justice to her murderer, the treacherous guide Murdoch, comes the well-remembered meeting of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu. Clan-Alpine's chief extended to his enemy the hospitality of 'a soldier's couch, a soldier's fare,' and conducted him safely through countless hordes of his own men concealed behind every bush and stone until they reached the ford of Coilantogle, at the extreme limit of the Highland chief's territory. The place is at the outlet of Loch Vennachar, about two miles west of Callander, and is readily seen from the main road to the Trossachs. Here occurred the terrific

combat, so vividly painted by the poet, and Roderick was left upon the field, severely wounded, a prisoner in the hands of Fitz-James's men, who had responded to the bugle call of their leader. The latter, accompanied by two of his knights, rode rapidly along the shores of the Forth. They passed 'the bannered towers of Doune,' now a ruin, which makes a pretty picture seen in the distance from the bridge over the river. Pressing on, they were soon in sight of Stirling Castle, when Fitz-James saw a woodsman 'of stature tall and poor array,' and at once recognized 'the stately form and step' of Douglas.

Cambus Kenneth, from which Douglas had just come, is a tall square tower on the banks of the Forth, west of Stirling. It was once a large abbey, founded in the twelfth century and built on the site of the battle-field, where the Scots under Kenneth MacAlpine defeated the Picts. The tower is all that now remains, but the foundations of some of the walls show the great extent of the structure. Amid the ruins is the grave of King James III, over which is a monument erected by Queen Victoria. It is supposed to be in exactly the place where King James was buried, under the high altar, but is so far away from the tower as to indicate that the original abbey must have been unusually large.

Next to Edinburgh Castle, Stirling is the most imposing fortress in Scotland. It stands on a rock four hundred and twenty feet above the sea, commanding a fine view in every direction. On the esplanade is a statue of King Robert the Bruce. The figure is clad in chain armour and the king is sheathing his sword, satisfied with his great victory as he gazes toward the field of

Bannockburn. Across the valley on the Abbey Craig, two miles away, is a tall tower in memory of that other great national hero, the mention of whose name still brings a tingle into the blood of the loyal Scotsman, William Wallace. The castle is entered by a gateway between two round towers, beneath one of which is the dungeon where Roderick Dhu may be supposed to have been carried after the fatal duel. Here one may fancy the aged minstrel Allan-bane, singing to the dying chief the story of the Battle of Beal' an Duine. A poem that can hold the attention of a company of soldiers when actually under fire themselves must be thrilling, indeed; yet this test was successfully applied to the tale as Scott told it through the minstrel. Sir Adam Ferguson received the poem on the day when he was posted with his company on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery. The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground, while the captain, kneeling at their head, read the description of the battle. The soldiers listened attentively, only interrupting occasionally with a loud huzza, when a shot struck the bank just above their heads.

On the left of the castle gate is the Royal Palace, built by James III and a favourite residence of James IV and James V. All the windows have heavy iron bars, making the palace look more like a prison than a king's mansion. They were placed there for the protection of the infant James VI, son of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was born in Edinburgh Castle; but considered unsafe there, he was lowered over the walls in a basket and carried to Stirling Castle. Queen Mary had lived here for four years in her childhood and it was here that she was secretly married to Darnley. Two years later, on a

visit to the castle to see her son, she was intercepted by Bothwell and carried away to Dunbar, probably with her own connivance, where a month later the two were married. James VI, afterward James I of England, spent most of his boyhood here, and when he left to assume the English crown, Stirling ceased to be a royal residence.

Among the many strange and much mutilated statues on the exterior of the palace is one representing King James V as the 'Gudeman of Ballengeich.' It was the custom of this king, as it had been of his father, to disguise himself and mingle with the people, thereby finding relief from the strain of more serious affairs and doubtless learning at first hand what the people thought of him. Their opinions must have been favourable, for the King enjoyed the experiences and the intercourse was always friendly and often amusing. Once on a hunting expedition, the King became separated from the others of his party and was obliged to spend the night at a cottage in the moorlands. The 'gudeman,' like all true Highlanders, was extremely hospitable to the stranger, and ordered the 'gude wife,' to kill for supper the plumpest of the hens. The stranger, departing the next morning, invited the farmer to call on the 'Gudeman of Ballengeich' when he next visited Stirling. The farmer soon accepted the invitation and was much astonished to find himself received by the King, who enjoyed his confusion most heartily and gave him the facetious title, 'King of the Moors.' This story and others like it gave the idea to Scott which he so skilfully made the basis of 'The Lady of the Lake.'

Another gateway leads into the upper court, on the right of which is the old Parliament House, where

STIRLING CASTLE

the last Scottish Parliament met. At the north end of the court is the Chapel Royal. A third gateway leads to the Douglas Garden, at the left of which is the Douglas Room, where James II treacherously stabbed the Earl of Douglas. The latter had visited the castle under a safe-conduct granted by the King himself. The body was dragged into an adjoining room and thrown out of the window. Later it was buried just where it fell. Scott makes James Douglas refer to the incident as he sadly returns to Stirling to surrender himself and die for his family.

> Ye towers, within those circuit dread
> A Douglas by his sovereign bled.

From the parapet along the walls of this garden, built on a rock three hundred feet high, a splendid landscape may be seen. Down below appear the windings of the river Forth and the old Stirling Bridge, known as the 'Key to the Highlands,' the only bridge across the Forth during all the stirring times of Scottish history. There too is the 'Heading Hill' to which Douglas also refers: —

> And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
> Thou oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
> As on the noblest of the land
> Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand.

From another place on the wall, far down on the plain below, we could see the King's Knot, a curiously shaped, octagonal mound of great antiquity, near the base of the precipitous rock upon which the castle stands. This plain, so easily seen from the castle, was the place where many a knightly tournament was held, and it was to this castle park that Douglas went to take part in the games, so that

King James shall mark
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft in happier days
His boyish wonder loved to praise.

Here was held the archery contest where Douglas won the silver dart; here was the wrestling match where he won the golden ring; here his brave dog Lufra pulled down the royal stag, and Douglas knocked senseless with a single blow the groom who struck his noble hound; and from here Douglas was led a captive into the fortress.

Meanwhile Ellen had found her way to the castle determined to see the King and with his signet ring beg the boon of her father's life. She learned to her astonishment that the King and Fitz-James were one, and that her suit was granted before it was asked, for the genial monarch announced Lord James of Douglas as 'a friend and bulwark of our throne.'

The monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, —
When it can say with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!

Then Ellen blushingly craved, through her father, the pardon of her lover, and the King in jovial mood commanded Malcolm to stand forth, exclaiming, —

'Fetters and warder for the Graeme!'
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Looking out from Stirling Castle over the delightful scenery of the Scottish Highlands, made a hundred times more lovely by the romantic poem, whose magic has

seemed to touch every lake and river, hill and valley, with its influence, we felt a strange reluctance to leave the scene, akin to that of the poet himself as he bids farewell to the Harp of the North: —

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
  Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'T is now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
  'T is now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
  Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
  A wandering witch-note of the distant spell,
  And now, 't is silent all! — Enchantress, fare thee well!

CHAPTER V

ROKEBY

The town of Barnard Castle, where we arrived one evening after a long tour through Yorkshire, is on the left bank of the river Tees and on the southern boundary of the county of Durham. In the morning we were told by 'Boots,' the one man in an English hotel who knows everything, that the castle, which gives its name to the town, could be reached through the stable-yard back of the house. After travelling far out of our way to view the setting of Rokeby, which in the natural beauty of its scenery is unsurpassed by that of any of Scott's other poems, except 'The Lady of the Lake,' the suggestion of such an entrance to the locality of the opening stanzas was a rude shock to our sense of romantic propriety. The reality was worse than the suggestion and we began to think that possibly Mr. Boots might have misdirected us, supposing we wished to see the *barnyard* instead of *Barnard* Castle. We proceeded on our way, however, soon coming to a small cottage with a pretty little garden, — nearly every English cottage boasts one of these delightful little areas of colour and of fragrance, — and passing through, reached the enclosure where all that is left of the castle, or nearly all, now stands. Two impressive ruined towers and a short connecting wall are practically all that remain of a once splendid royal residence. On the left is 'Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,' no longer 'dismal,' for the ancient stones are partly clothed with

the foliage of fruit trees, trained English fashion against the walls, while a bed of bright-blooming flowers on the right, the fresh green leaves of some overhanging branches on the left, and the lawn, plentifully besprinkled with the dainty little English daisies, each catching its own ray of sunshine and giving a sparkle to the whole scene, all spoke eloquently of the change from death to life since the time when these walls cast only deep shadows of darkness and despair.

On the right of the enclosure is the old Baliol Tower, and in the wall connecting it with Brackenbury is an oriel window, where the arms of King Richard III may still be faintly traced in the stone.

Baliol Tower is a heavy round structure of great antiquity. It has a remarkable vaulted ceiling composed entirely of keystones arranged in circles. A narrow staircase within the walls leads to the battlements from which we obtained a magnificent view of the valley of the Tees.

> What prospects from his watch-tower high
> Gleam gradual on the warder's eye!
> Far sweeping to the east he sees
> Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
> And tracks his wanderings by the steam
> Of summer vapours from the stream.

If Barnard Castle appeared unromantic, approached from the yard of the inn, exactly the opposite feeling took possession of us when we viewed it from the footbridge, just above the dam. Here the river widens until it looks like a placid lake. The castle rises high above the stream, its base concealed by trees of heavy growth, but not tall enough to cover the two great towers and

the oriel window of King Richard. It is no longer a single ruined wall, but the imposing front of a vast structure, well placed for defence, once strong in war but now beautiful in peace.

Barnard Baliol, whose father was one of the followers of William the Conqueror, founded the castle in the beginning of the twelfth century. He was the grandfather of John Baliol, who contested with Robert Bruce the claim to the Scottish crown. The original castle or fortress covered an extensive area of over six acres, most of which is now given over to sheep-raising or to the cultivation of fruit trees. An extensive domain, comprising much of the surrounding country, was granted to the descendants of Barnard Baliol in the reign of King Rufus. Edward I granted it to Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in whose family it remained for several generations. Through the marriage of the daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, famous as the king-maker, to the Duke of Gloucester, afterward King Richard III, the estate came into possession of the Crown. The castle was a favourite residence of Richard, who made many additions to it. In the reign of Charles I it was purchased by Sir Henry Vane the elder. When Scott makes it the property of Oswald Wycliffe, he does not go very far astray, for John Wycliffe, the great forerunner of the Reformation in England, was born on the banks of the river Tees and received his education at Baliol College, Oxford, which was founded by the Baliols of Barnard Castle, who were the neighbours of his family.

Barnard Castle, however, interesting as it is, was not the magnet that drew the poet to this region for his

BRACKENBURY TOWER, BARNARD CASTLE

scenery. In 1808, Scott began his intimacy with John B. S. Morritt, a man of sterling character and high literary attainments, for whom he came to entertain a genuine affection. Morritt had inherited the estate of Rokeby, situated about four miles southeast of Barnard Castle. The Rokebys, like their neighbours, the Baliols, were descended from one of the followers of the Conqueror. The old manor house was destroyed by the Scotch after the battle of Bannockburn (1314), and the Rokeby of that day built the Castle of Mortham, much of which still remains standing on the opposite bank of the Greta. The present Hall was built in 1724. It stands in the midst of an extensive and beautiful park, which Scott, on the occasion of his first visit, thought 'one of the most enviable places' he had ever seen. 'It unites,' said he, 'the richness and luxuriance of English vegetation with the romantic variety of glen, torrent, and copse, which dignifies our Northern scenery. The Greta and Tees, two most beautiful and rapid rivers, join their currents in the demesne. The banks of the Tees resemble, from the height of the rocks, the Glen of Roslin, so much and justly admired.' The letter containing this enthusiastic praise of his friend's estate was written in 1809. Two years later, when the purchase of Abbotsford seemed to require another poem for its consummation, it was to the one place worthy of comparison with his beloved Glen of Roslin that the poet instinctively turned for his backgrounds.

Scott's ambition to be the 'laird' of an estate was gratified in the summer of 1811 when he became the owner of an unprepossessing farm of about one hundred acres. The land was in a neglected state, but little of it

having been under cultivation. The farmhouse was small and poor, and immediately in front of it was a miserable duck pond. The place, from its disreputable appearance, had been known as 'Clarty Hole.' But Scott's prophetic vision could look beyond all this and see something, if not all, of the transformation which was to be wrought in the next twelve years. The farm lay for half a mile along the banks of the beautiful Tweed, the river which Scott loved. He knew the fertility of the soil and saw the possibility of making the place a beautiful grove. At first he thought only of 'a cottage and a few fields,' but as the passion for buying, planting, and building grew with his apparent prosperity, the farm became a beautifully wooded estate of eighteen hundred acres, the cottage grew into a castle, and 'Clarty Hole,' its name changed into 'Abbotsford' within less than an hour after the new owner took possession, became one of the most famous private possessions in the world.

The farm cost £4000, one half of which was borrowed from the poet's brother, Major John Scott, and the other half advanced by the Ballantynes on the security of 'Rokeby,' though the poem was not yet written. The plans for the purchase out of the way, Scott wrote to his friend, Morritt, outlining the new poem, having for its scene the domain of Rokeby and its subject the civil wars of Charles I. Morritt was delighted and immediately responded with a letter full of valuable information. The following summer was a busy one. Until the middle of July, Scott's duties as Clerk of the Court of Sessions kept him at Edinburgh five days in the week. Saturdays and Sundays were spent at Abbotsford. He composed poetry while planting trees and wrote down the verses

amid the noise and confusion incident to building his new cottage. 'As for the house and the poem,' he wrote to Morritt, 'there are twelve masons hammering at the one and one poor noddle at the other.' Both 'Rokeby' and 'The Bridal of Triermain' were written under these conditions and at the same time, while Scott found opportunity also to continue his work on the 'Life of Swift,' which eventually reached nineteen octavo volumes, and to render other literary services to his publishers, the Ballantynes.

It was not long before Scott found an opportunity to visit Rokeby again, where he remained about a week. On the morning after his arrival, he informed Morritt that he needed 'a good robber's cave and an old church of the right sort.' Morritt promptly undertook to supply both, and to find the former rode with his friend to Brignall Woods, where the Greta flows through a deep glen, on one side of which are some perpendicular rocks, the site of an old quarry. I could not find any robber's caves, but it was easy enough for Scott to make one in such a rock formation. I could, however, form a pretty good idea of the wild flight of Bertram Risingham as he

> Now clomb the rocks projecting high
> To baffle the pursuer's eye:
> Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound
> The echo of his footsteps drowned.

In all probability, the scene is the same to-day, as it was in Scott's time, wild and beautiful. The stream winds around through shady nooks, here rippling over the rocks and then widening out into a placid pool; occasionally passing out from beneath the trees into an open glade, where the well-worn boulders that punctuated its

course lay gleaming in the sun, and presenting at every turn some new and changing view.

> O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
> And Greta Woods are green.

In describing the visit to this place Mr. Morritt gives an excellent idea of Scott's method: —

I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil; and could not help saying that as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but I understood him when he replied, 'that in nature herself no two scenes were ever exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes would possess the same variety in his descriptions and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his own mind circumscribed, and contracted to a few favourite images, and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and bareness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth.

The 'old church of the right sort' was found on the other side of Rokeby Park. We reached it from Barnard Castle by crossing the high Abbey Bridge, beneath which the Tees flows in a narrow, rippling, foaming lane of water, flanked on either side by trees of rich foliage whose bright green branches wave to each other continually across the stream in a sort of friendly salute. The old grey Abbey of Egliston is pleasantly situated on rising ground near where the Tees is joined by the rivulet known as Thorsgill.

Yet scald or kemper erred, I ween,
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,
With all its varied light and shade,
And every little sunny glade,
And the blithe brook that strolls along
Its pebbled bed with summer song,
To the grim God of blood and scar,
The grisly King of Northern War.

The abbey was founded in the twelfth century and dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist. It was once a beautiful cruciform building in the Early English style, but has been allowed to fall into decay and now only parts of the walls of the choir and nave remain.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profound, dishonoured, and defaced.
Through storied lattices no more,
In softened light the sunbeams pour,
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich
Of shrine and ornament and niche.

This was the scene which Scott chose for the culminating tragedy of the poem.

There are many other places in the neighbourhood to which the poet refers. There is 'Raby's battered tower,' a large castle which boasts the honour of twice entertaining Charles I. There is the Balder, 'a sweet brooklet's silver line,' which flows into the Tees a few miles above Barnard Castle, and farther to the northwest, where the three counties of York, Durham, and Westmoreland meet, is the place

Where Tees in tumult leaves his source
Thundering o'er Cauldron and High-Force.

These two cataracts are most impressive when rainstorms have swelled the stream to its full capacity. Just

outside the park of Rokeby is a charming spot where the Greta meets the Tees, —

> Where, issuing from her darksome bed,
> She caught the morning's eastern red,
> And through the softening vale below
> Rolled her bright waves in rosy glow
> All blushing to her bridal bed,
> Like some shy maid in convent bred,
> While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay
> Sang forth her nuptial roundelay.

Half hidden by the trees, the old stone 'dairy bridge' crosses the Greta, just where the river emerges from the park. It makes a pretty picture as you look through the single arch into the cool shades of the peaceful domain. Passing over this bridge we came to the old tower of Mortham. We did not find it deserted as did Wilfrid and Bertram, for it is now used as a farm and the tower is almost completely surrounded by low buildings of comparatively recent construction. From the garden, however, a fairly good view can be obtained.

> And last and least, and loveliest still,
> Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.
> Who in that dim-wood glen hath strayed,
> Yet longed for Roslin's magic glade?

The glen which Scott would compare with his favourite Roslin must be romantic, indeed. The rill of Deepdale joins the Tees just above Barnard Castle. The scenery increases in beauty as the stream is ascended, to the solitary spot near the Cat Castle rocks —

> Where all is cliff and copse and sky, —

and reaches its climax at the pretty waterfall of Cragg Force.

THE VALLEY OF THE TEES, FROM BARNARD CASTLE

The Cavaliers and Roundheads whom Scott introduces into the midst of this beautiful scenery are not, it must be confessed, particularly interesting, nor is the villain Bertram, in spite of the fact that the poet was a little proud of him as a sketch full of dash and vigour. There are three people, however, who hold the attention. The first is Matilda, who, by the poet's faintly veiled admission, was intended to be the picture of his early love, Williamina Stuart. In Wilfrid, the youth of poetic temperament, who loved in vain, and Redmond, his successful but generous rival, there is a suggestion, which one can scarcely escape, of the poet himself and Sir William Forbes, who married Williamina. Redmond showed his kindly heart and soldierly strength by fighting desperately over the prostrate figure of his wounded rival, at length carrying him in his arms from the burning castle to a place of safety, after his entire train had deserted their leader. Sir William Forbes was one of the first to offer aid when financial misfortune overtook Sir Walter, and when one creditor undertook to make serious trouble, privately paid the entire claim of nearly £2000, taking care that Scott should not know how it was managed. As a matter of fact, Sir Walter did not learn the truth until some time after the death of his generous friend.

CHAPTER VI

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN

One of Scott's chief delights was the little game of *fooling the critics*. No sooner had he arranged for the publication of 'Rokeby' than he began to *lay a trap for Jeffrey*, whose reviews of the earlier poems had not been altogether agreeable. From this innocent little scheme the poet and his confidant, William Erskine, anticipated great amusement. The plan was to publish simultaneously with 'Rokeby,' a shorter and lighter romance, in a different metre and to 'take in the knowing ones' by introducing certain peculiarities of composition suggestive of Erskine. The poem thus projected, of which fragments had already been published, was 'The Bridal of Triermain.' The scheme so far succeeded that for a long while the public was completely mystified. A writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' probably George Ellis, thought it 'an imitation of Mr. Scott's style of composition,' and added, 'if it be inferior in vigour to some of his productions, it equals or surpasses them in elegance and beauty.' Jeffrey escaped the trap by the chance of a voyage to America that year, though it may be doubted whether he would have fallen into it.

I have already referred to the fact (chapter I) that much of the material for this poem came to Scott in the summer of 1797, when, after a visit to the English Lakes, he found some weeks of real romance near the village of

Gilsland. To this period the poet's recollection turned for his 'light romance.' In the passage where Arthur derides the pretensions of his military rival, —

> Who comes in foreign trashery
> Of tinkling chain and spur,
> A walking haberdashery
> Of feathers, lace, and fur, —

Lockhart finds an allusion to some incident of the ball at Gilsland Spa where Scott first met his future wife. Whether the walk along the Irthing River below the 'Spa' was really in the poet's mind, when he wrote of the 'woodland brook' beside which Arthur and Lucy wandered, is of course unknown, but I do not doubt that it may have been, since so much of the poem was suggested by the experiences of that pleasant summer.

Triermain Castle, or what is left of it, is about three miles west of Gilsland. Only a fragment about the size of an ordinary chimney is now standing, though Scott saw more of it, for a considerable portion of the ruin fell in 1832. The Barons of Gilsland received a grant of land from Henry II sometime in the twelfth century, and Robert de Vaux, son of the original grantee, was probably the builder of the castle. On his tombstone in Lanercost Priory, near by, is this inscription: —

> Sir Robert Vaux that sometime was the Lord of Triermain,
> Is dead, his body clad in lead, ligs law under this stane;
> Evin as we, evin as he, on earth a levan man,
> Evin as he, evin so maun we, for all the craft of men.

The castle was built of the stones of the old Roman wall which passes near the place. From Triermain, Sir Roland de Vaux sent his page to Ullswater, passing

through Kirkoswald, a village of Cumberland on the river Eden. He came to Penrith, to the south of which is a circular mound supposed to have been used for the exercise of feats of chivalry, which the poet calls 'red Penrith's Table Round.' In the same locality near the river Eamont is 'Mayburgh's mound,' a collection of stones said to have been erected by the Druids. Continuing to the southward, he came to the shores of Ullswater, where he found the wizard of Lyulph's Tower. The venerable sage then related the story of King Arthur's adventure in the Valley of St. John.

We set out in quest of the mysterious phantom castle and found the drive through the narrow valley a delightful one. Nearly everybody who visits the English Lakes drives over the hills from Ambleside to Keswick. After passing Dunmailraise and skirting the shores of Thirlmere Lake beneath the shadows of Helvellyn, we turned off the main road near the mouth of St. John's Beck, one of the many pretty brooks that are found everywhere in the neighbourhood. A huge pile of rocks, projecting curiously from the side of a green-coated hill, is called, from the poem, Triermain Castle Rock. Following the course of the streamlet, upward, we found a view much like that which appeared to King Arthur, after the goblet with its liquid fire had disenchanted him.

> The monarch, breathless and amazed,
> Back on the fatal castle gazed —
> Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
> Darkening against the morning sky;
> But on the spot where once they frowned,
> The lonely streamlet brawled around
> A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
> Fragments of rock and rifted stone.

THE VALLEY OF ST. JOHN, SHOWING TRIERMAIN CASTLE ROCK

As we proceeded up the valley, looking back time and again for a last view of the rock, it was easy to fancy that what we saw in the distance might well be a castle and that under certain atmospheric conditions the illusion might be heightened.

CHAPTER VII

THE LORD OF THE ISLES

'THE Lord of the Isles,' was another effort to deceive the critics. A long poem acknowledged by Walter Scott, following soon after 'Waverley' and only a month preceding 'Guy Mannering,' was calculated to 'throw off' those who were trying to identify the mysterious author of the Waverley Novels with the well-known poet. It was the result of a vacation journey of about six weeks in a lighthouse yacht, made in the summer of 1814 in the company of a party of congenial friends. The chief of the expedition was Robert Stevenson, a distinguished civil engineer in charge of the lighthouse service on the north coast of Scotland, and the grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson. After circling the Shetland and Orkney Islands they came down into the Minch or channel which separates the west coast of Scotland from the Hebrides, and stopped at Dunvegan, on the Isle of Skye, to see the ancient castle. Two days later they stopped to examine Loch Corriskin, which made a profound impression upon the poet's mind. 'We were surrounded,' he said in his Diary of the expedition, 'by hills of the boldest and most precipitous character and on the margin of a lake which seemed to have sustained the constant ravages of torrents from these rude neighbours. The shores consist of huge layers of naked granite, here and there intermixed with bogs and heaps of gravel and sand, marking the course of torrents. Vegetation there was

little or none, and the mountains rose so perpendicularly from the water's edge that Borrowdale is a jest to them. We proceeded about one mile and a half up this deep, dark, and solitary lake, which is about two miles long, half a mile broad, and, as we learned, of extreme depth. . . . It is as exquisite as a savage scene, as Loch Katrine is as a scene of stern beauty.' In the poem he gives a little more vivid description: —

For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen but this can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here — above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer's sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

No wonder that the exiled monarch, Bruce, should say:

A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,

Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press
Where'er I happed to roam.

Returning to their vessel after an extraordinary walk, the party left Loch Scavig and, rounding its southern cape, sailed into the Loch of Sleapin, where they visited Macallister's Cave. Here they found a wonderful pool, which, 'surrounded by the most fanciful mouldings in a substance resembling white marble, and distinguished by the depth and purity of its waters, might be the bathing grotto of a Naiad.'

In the morning they sailed toward the south and

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.

They were following the same route, or nearly so, which the poet afterward laid down for Robert Bruce on his return from the Island of Skye to his native coast of Carrick.

They stopped at Staffa to view the famous basaltic formation, —

Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise.

'The stupendous columnar side walls,' says the Diary; 'the depth and strength of the ocean with which the cavern is filled — the variety of tints formed by stalactites

dropping and petrifying between the pillars and resembling a sort of chasing of yellow or cream-coloured marble filling the interstices of the roof — the corresponding variety below, where the ocean rolls over a red, and in some places a violet-coloured rock, the basis of the basaltic pillars — the dreadful noise of those august billows so well corresponding with the grandeur of the scene — are all circumstances unparalleled.'

They also stopped to view 'Old Iona's holy fane,' the ancient burial-place of kings and abbots and other men of eminence. It is said that Macbeth was buried here and before him sixty other Scottish kings whose names are now unknown.

The vivid descriptions of scenes along the route of Bruce to Scotland, with which 'The Lord of the Isles' abounds, were gathered on this memorable journey of the poet. It was not so, however, with the arrival of Bruce at his ancestral castle of Turnberry on the coast of Ayr, the information for which was supplied by Scott's indefatigable friend, Joseph Train, whose investigations brought to light the ancient superstition that on each anniversary of the night of Bruce's return a meteoric gleam reappeared in the same quarter of the heavens.

> The light that seemed a twinkling star
> Now blazed portentous, fierce and far,
> Dark red the heaven above it gleamed,
> Dark red the sea beneath it flowed,
> Red-rose the rocks on ocean's brim,
> In blood-red light her islets swim.

The ruins of Bruce's castle may still be seen close by the lighthouse at Turnberry. So little remains that they are scarcely visible from the land side, and though thou-

sands visit the locality for a run over the superb golf links, few realize that here was the birthplace of Robert Bruce, and that the skirmishes here begun, when the future king returned prematurely from exile, led eventually to the series of successes which terminated in the great victory of Bannockburn.

The poetic description of this terrific combat lacks nothing of the vigour and dramatic force that characterize the story of Flodden Field. The scene where the Bruce, suddenly attacked by Sir Henry de Bohun, rises in his stirrups and fells the fierce knight with a single blow of his battle-axe; the stratagem of the concealed ditches into which the English rode with fearful losses; the kneeling of the Scottish army in prayer before the battle; the charge of the cavalry against the English archers; the sudden appearance of the Scottish camp-followers on the brow of the hill, waving their spears and banners, so that they resembled a fresh army of reinforcements; the tragic death of De Argentine and the final triumph of the Scottish cause are vividly portrayed with all the poet's accustomed power.

'The Lord of the Isles' was the last of Scott's important poems. Two other attempts followed, 'The Field of Waterloo' and 'Harold, the Dauntless,' but neither was considered successful.

'Rokeby,' 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'The Lord of the Isles,' though well worthy of the genius of the poet, had failed to equal in popularity the three greater poems by which his fame had been established. The brilliant success of Byron was, as Scott feared, 'taking the wind out of his sails.' Moreover, his own interest in poetry had waned under the influence of his greater achieve-

TURNBERRY CASTLE, COAST OF AYRSHIRE

ments in prose. As the author of the Waverley Novels he had stepped into a new and vastly more important field, where he now stood alone. So with the passing of Walter Scott the poet came the rising star of the novelist, and the world was the richer by the transition.

CHAPTER VIII

WAVERLEY

One morning during our stay at Melrose, we drove by motor westward along the Tweed, passing Ashestiel, situated high up on the opposite bank, but catching only a glimpse of it through the trees. Here 'Waverley' was begun in 1805 and laid aside because of the criticism of a close friend. Here, too, in 1810, it was resumed and again put aside because of the faint praise of James Ballantyne. This time the manuscript was lost and completely forgotten. It came to light in 1813 when Scott was searching in an old cabinet for some fishing-tackle. He was seized with a desire to finish it, and the work was done so fast that the last two of the original three volumes were written in three weeks. It was published on the 7th of July, 1814.

Farther up the stream we could see in the distance on a high elevation the ruins of Elibank, where Scott's ancestor, young Wat of Harden, came so near paying the penalty for 'lifting' a few head of his neighbour's cattle. Scott always said that the blood of the old cattle-drivers of Teviotdale still stirred in his veins, and in this way he accounted for his 'propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description.'

Our journey on this particular morning was for the purpose of visiting an old baronial mansion which Scott no doubt had very much in his mind during the writing

of 'Waverley.' This was Traquair House, situated in the village of that name, about two miles south of Innerleithen. It presents some striking resemblances to the description of Tully Veolan. There is a long and wide avenue, having an upper and a lower gate. 'This avenue was straight and of moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chestnuts, planted alternately with sycamores, which rose to such huge height, and flourished so luxuriantly, that their boughs completely overarched the broad road beneath.' Two narrow drives, one on each side of the broad avenue, converge immediately in front of the inner gate. Between these is a broad space 'clothed with grass of a deep and rich verdure.' The outer entrance to the avenue is barred by a pair of iron gates, hung between two massive pillars of stone, on each of which is a curious beast, standing on his hind legs, his fore legs resting on a sort of scroll-work support. The animals face each other like a couple of rival legislators holding a joint debate from behind tall reading-desks. Scott says somewhat dubiously that these 'two large weather-beaten mutilated masses of upright stone . . . if the tradition of the hamlet could be trusted, had once represented, or at least been designed to represent, two rampant Bears, the supporters of the family of Bradwardine.' If any of the village people, who stood around as I arranged my camera, their wide-stretched eyes and open mouths betraying their curiosity, had told me that these 'bears' were 'rampant hippopotami,' I should have rewarded them with my usual credulous nod and 'thank you.' There can be little doubt that Scott took the idea of the Bears of Bradwardine from this gate, although he

multiplied the two and scattered them all over the place.

Like Tully Veolan, the house seems to consist of high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, with numberless windows, all very small, while the roofs have little turrets, 'resembling pepper-boxes.' It was built 'at a period when castles were no longer necessary and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence.'

Scott no doubt was a frequent visitor here. In one of his letters he refers to the owner in connection with a plan to plant some 'aquatic trees, — willows, alders, poplars, and so forth,' — around a little pond in Abbotsford and to have a 'preserve of wild ducks' and other water-fowl. He says, 'I am to get some eggs from Lord Traquair, of a curious species of half-reclaimed wild ducks, which abound near his solitary old château and nowhere else in Scotland that I know of.' This denotes a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the Earl of Traquair. The house, indeed, was so near Ashestiel that Scott could hardly fail to visit so interesting a place many times. It is doubtful if there is another inhabited house in Scotland more ancient than Traquair. The present owner takes care to preserve its appearance of antiquity. No repairs or alterations are made except such as are absolutely necessary, and then the work is done in such a way as to conceal its 'newness.' Among the early owners of the estate was James, Lord Douglas, the friend of Bruce, who attempted to carry his chief's heart to the Holy Land. The founder of the family of Traquair was James Stuart, and his descendants have held the estate for nearly four centuries.

The great gate with the grotesque bears has been closed for more than a century. One tradition is that the defeat of the young Prince Charles at the battle of Culloden in 1746 was the direct cause of its final closing. The Prince visited the Earl of that day (Charles, the fifth Earl of Traquair) to persuade him to lend his active support to the Jacobite cause. The Earl felt compelled to decline, but in escorting his visitor from the park, made a vow that the gate should never be opened again until a Stuart was on the throne. The defeat of the Prince was a severe disappointment to the Traquair family and the vow of the Earl has been kept to this day, even though the earldom is now extinct.

It is not correct, however, in spite of the striking resemblances, to speak of Traquair House as the 'original' of Tully Veolan. Scott himself says in his note in the edition of 1829, 'There is no particular mansion described under the name of Tully Veolan; but the peculiarities of description occur in various old Scottish seats.' Among these were the house of Sir George Warrender upon Bruntsfield Links; the old house of Ravelston, owned by Sir Alexander Keith, the author's friend and kinsman, from which he took some hints for the garden; and the house of Dean, near Edinburgh. He adds,'The author has, however, been informed that the house of Grandtully resembles that of the Baron of Bradwardine still more than any of the above.'

Acting upon this hint, when we were making the city of Perth our centre, we took a long journey by motor with Grandtully Castle as the objective point. I doubt if there is a more beautiful drive in all Scotland. We followed the left bank of the river Tay through a fertile

valley of surpassing loveliness. In the whole journey of nearly one hundred miles it seemed as though there was never a blot on the landscape. No neglected farms, no rough patches of naked earth, no tumble-down fences, no unsightly railroad excavations nor bare embankments, no swamps filled with fallen timber, no hideous bill-boards, none of the hundreds of unsightly objects which mar the scenery of so many country drives. Everything seemed well kept. The big estates were filled with beautiful trees and shrubs, many of them in full bloom, and the humbler places did equally well, though on a smaller scale. I remember passing a hedge of beeches, half a mile long, the trees growing ninety feet high and so close together as to make a wall impenetrable to the sunlight. I was told that this hedge was trimmed once in three years at an expense of fifteen hundred dollars each time. This is only one item in the care of a large estate. We passed the park and palace of Scone, where the coronation stone was kept before its removal to Westminster Abbey, and from which it received its name. Farther to the north we stopped a few minutes at Campsie Linn, which I shall mention later in connection with 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' A little beyond Cargill our course turned sharply to the West, although the main road continues to the north until it reaches Blairgowrie, some two or three miles beyond which is another 'original' of Tully Veolan, the house of Craighall. Unfortunately lack of time did not permit a visit to this place, but I must digress long enough to explain its significance. It was the seat of the Rattray family, who were related to William Clerk, one of Scott's most intimate companions of the early days

GRANDTULLY CASTLE

spent among the law courts of Edinburgh. During one of the Highland excursions the friends stopped at Craighall. When 'Waverley' came out, twenty-one years later, Mr. Clerk was so much struck with the resemblance of Tully Veolan to the old mansion of the Rattrays that he immediately said, 'This is Scott's.' The reason for the conviction was probably not so much the similarity of the real house to the fictitious one as the recollection of a little incident of the early excursion. Clerk, seeing the smoke of a little hamlet before them, when they were tired and heated from their journey, is said to have exclaimed, 'How agreeable if we should here fall in with one of those signposts where a red lion predominates over a punch-bowl!' In spite of the lapse of so many years, Clerk recognized his own expression (with which he knew Scott had been particularly amused) in that part of the description of Tully Veolan where 'a huge bear, carved in stone, predominated over a large stone basin.'

Following the course of the beautiful river, upstream, we came at length, far up in the Perthshire hills, to the Castle of Grandtully. It is a large and stately mansion, situated in one of those beautiful parks with which the region abounds. It has the pepper-box turrets and small windows of Tully Veolan. It is now, as in Scott's time, the home of a family of Stewarts, one of whom, Sir George, supported the cause of 'the Young Chevalier' in 1745. The gardener, who, in the absence of the family, did the honours of the place, told me that Scott had visited the house many years after 'Waverley' appeared and had said then that it was more nearly like what he had described than any other castle, and that

'the only mistake he had made was in putting bears on the gateway instead of bees.' There is a fine wrought-iron gate at Grandtully with the figures of two bees, forming a part of the coat of arms of the Stewart family. An avenue of limes formerly led to this gate, but it is no longer used and only two of the trees remain. Scott was always cautious about admitting any connection of his writings with definite 'originals,' but was ever ready to humour those who fancied they saw certain resemblances. It is curious that he does not mention either Traquair House or Craighall in his note, though both were identified as 'originals' during his lifetime. No doubt, consciously or unconsciously, he wove into his novel partial descriptions of both, as well as of Grandtully, while the houses which he particularly mentions also furnished some of the details.

The historical value of 'Waverley' lies in its picture of the rising of the Highland clans in favour of Charles Edward Stuart, called the 'Young Pretender' by the supporters of the reigning king, but affectionately known among his Scottish adherents as 'Bonnie Prince Charlie.' The ambitious young man, the grandson of James II, left France in the summer of 1745 in a small vessel, with only seven friends, and landed on one of the Hebridean Islands. Before the end of August he had raised his standard in the valley of Glenfinnan and found himself at the head of an army of fifteen hundred men, chiefly of the clans of MacDonald and Cameron. He soon made a triumphant march to Edinburgh, where he established himself in the Palace of Holyrood, which the Stuart family had already made famous. On Tuesday, the 17th of September, he caused the proclamation

of his father, 'the Old Pretender,' as King James VIII, to be read by the heralds at the old Market Cross in Parliament Square. The people crowded around the 'Young Chevalier,' eager to kiss his hand or even to touch for a single instant the Scottish tartan which he wore. So great was the crowd that he was compelled to call for his horse, for otherwise he could make no progress. It is said that his noble appearance so won the hearts of all who beheld him that before he reached the palace the polish of his boots was dimmed by the kisses of the multitude.

That night the old palace reawakened to something of its former brilliancy, on the occasion of a great ball, given by the Prince. The old picture gallery, with its array of queer portraits of long-forgotten Scottish kings, was a scene of glittering splendour. The long-deserted halls, now brilliant with a thousand lights, were crowded with an assembly of men of education and fortune, accompanied by their ladies in gowns of such elegance as the confusion of the times might permit. Mingling with these representations of the Jacobean gentry of Edinburgh were the handsomely arrayed officers of the clans, the Highland gentlemen of importance, with their many coloured plaids and sashes, their broadswords glittering with heavy silver plate and inlaid work, and all the other elegant appurtenances for which the picturesque Highland costume offered abundant scope. In the chapter on the Ball, Scott merely introduced into an historic assemblage two handsome women, Flora MacIvor and Rose Bradwardine, and two men, Fergus MacIvor and Edward Waverley.

The palace is to-day much the same as it was in the

time of the Prince, though the adjoining abbey is now roofless and very much more of a ruin. A walk through the Canongate, from Holyrood to the Market Cross, would give one a very fair idea of the street through which Fergus MacIvor and Waverley passed to the lodgings of the former in the house of the buxom Widow Flockhart, where Waverley received his new Highland costume from the hands of James of the Needle. At the other end of the town, beneath the castle, is St. Cuthbert's Church, then called the West Kirk, where the honest Presbyterian clergyman, MacVicar, preached every Sunday and prayed for the House of Hanover in spite of the fact that many of the Jacobites were present. In one of those petitions he referred to the fact that 'a young man has recently come among us seeking an earthly crown' and prayed that he might *speedily* be granted a heavenly one!

Much of the material for 'Waverley' was stored up in the retentive memory of the novelist when he was a mere boy. At six years of age he was taken for a visit to Prestonpans. If the old veteran of the German wars, Dalgetty, whom he met here and who found a ready listener in the bright-eyed little boy, was able to tell the story of the battle in anything like a graphic manner, it must have made a profound impression upon the mind of a lad who had already learned to fight the battles of Scotland with miniature armies of pebbles and shells. On one side was an army of Highlanders, the chief men of each clan proudly dressed in their distinctive tartans. They were tall, vigorous, hardy men, all proud of their ancestry, each capable of deeds of individual daring and courage, but all loyal to their chiefs and to their temporary leader,

Prince Charles Edward Stuart. They were not only well dressed but well armed, each man having a broadsword, target, dirk, and fusee, or flintlock gun, and perhaps a steel pistol. These were the gentlemen of the Highlands. Contrasting strangely with them and forming the larger part of the army was the rear guard, a motley crowd, bearing every appearance of extreme poverty. They were rough, uncouth, half-naked men of savage aspect, armed with whatever weapon could be most easily obtained. Some had pole-axes; some carried scythes, securely fastened to the ends of poles; a few had old guns or swords; while many had only dirks and bludgeons. But all had the fighting spirit and a keen desire for plunder. To complete this curious but formidable array, there was an old iron cannon, dragged along by a string of Highland ponies. This constituted the entire artillery of the army and it could only be used for firing signals, yet the leaders allowed it to be retained because of the belief on the part of the men in the ranks that it would in some miraculous way contribute to their expected victory.

On the English side a complete army of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, well equipped and disciplined, confronted the Highland hordes. As they wheeled into line the fixed bayonets of the infantry glistened in the sun like 'successive hedges of steel.' These, with the trains of artillery and troop after troop of well-equipped dragoons, presented a formidable appearance. But they struck no terror into the hearts of the wild 'petticoatmen.' With terrific yells the forces of the rebellious Scotchmen rushed into battle. Discipline and order gave way before the impact of savage zeal, and panic

seized the English army. The result was what the child Scott always contrived to accomplish in his mimic battles of pebbles, — the complete victory of the Scots and the utter rout of their enemy. There is now little to be seen on the battle-field. The old thorn tree, which was once the central landmark, has almost disappeared. The fertile fields, once trampled by hostile armies, have given way to railroad tracks and unsightly collieries. Colonel Gardiner's house, however, where that hero died after receiving a mortal wound upon the battle-field, still remains standing, and in front, at the end of a fine avenue of trees, is a plain but dignified monument to his memory.

The principal incident of the battle, as told in 'Waverley,' is based upon a true story, which Scott heard from Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle, on one of his early visits to the Highlands. When the Highlanders in 1745 attacked the army of Sir John Cope at Prestonpans, Stewart was one of the leaders in charge. Noticing an officer of the English army standing alone, sword in hand, too proud to fly with the others, he called on him to surrender. The officer answered by a thrust of his sword which Stewart received in his target, breaking the blade. A huge Highlander rushed up to the defenceless man with lifted battle-axe, and in another moment would have killed his victim but for the chivalrous interference of Stewart, who protected him from injury, took care of his personal property, and finally secured his release on parole. This officer was a Scotch gentleman, serving in the King's army, whose name was Colonel Whitefoord. Stewart later paid him a visit at his home in Ayrshire. After the battle of Culloden had put an end to the hopes of Prince Charles and his loyal Scottish

friends, when those who had supported the rebellion were in grave danger of death and the confiscation of their property, Colonel Whitefoord took occasion to repay the debt to Mr. Stewart. He called in person on the Duke of Cumberland to plead for his friend's life, or at least for the protection of his family and property. On receiving a positive refusal, he took his commission from his pocket, and laying it on the table before the Duke, with great emotion begged leave to retire from the service of a king who did not know how to be merciful to a vanquished enemy. The Duke was deeply affected and granted the desired protection. It was none too soon, for the troops were even then beginning to plunder the country in the immediate vicinity of Invernahyle's home. That unfortunate gentleman had lain for many days concealed in a cave, his food being brought by one of his daughters, a child so young that she was not suspected by the soldiers.

The rescue of Colonel Talbot by Waverley and the subsequent friendly assistance of that officer, upon which so much of the plot of the novel depends, was founded upon this incident, which the old soldier related to Walter Scott, a boy of fifteen. It will be remembered that Scott's first Highland visit took place in 1786, so that Stewart, who was 'out' in the rebellion of 1715, must have been a very old man when he told the story. The lad, who no doubt listened eagerly, absorbing every detail into his extraordinary memory, did not use the tale until nearly a quarter of a century later.

An example of Scott's remarkable way of remembering and reproducing the little details of the stories he heard is the use he made of Stewart's experience in hid-

ing in a cave. The Baron of Bradwardine is supposed to have concealed himself in similar manner and to have had important assistance from 'Davie Gellatley,' the Baron's 'natural' or fool, who was 'no sae silly as folk tak him for.' Colonel Stewart, a grandson of Stewart of Invernahyle, in his book on the Highlands, points out that while some gentlemen 'who had been out' in the rebellion were obliged to conceal themselves in the woods near his grandfather's house, they were supplied with food and other necessaries by one of these poor, half-witted creatures, who showed an extraordinary sagacity as well as fidelity in protecting the friends of his patron.

'Davie Gellatley' was a type common enough, especially in the country districts of Scotland, a century ago. These rustic fools were usually treated with kindness, the good people feeling a sense of duty to help those to whom Providence had denied their full share of mental power. They frequently possessed a certain sagacity or cunning, combined with sly humour, which enabled them at times to make quick and unexpected answers, causing much amusement and wonder. Such a man was Daft Jock Gray, who lived on a farm in Ettrick and was well known to all the Border people. He was a frequent visitor at Ashestiel, where he entertained the family with his wild snatches of songs and ballads and his eccentric performances. Jock was once travelling with a man of his own type, Jamie Renwick. When night came, they lodged in a convenient barn. Jock could not sleep and got up and walked about singing his wild and incoherent songs. This so irritated Jamie that he shouted, 'Come to your bed, ye skirlin' deevil! I canna get a wink o' sleep for ye; I daur say the folk will think us daft! Od, if ye

dinna come and lie down this instant, I'll rise and *bring ye to your senses* wi' my rung!' 'Faith,' says Jock, 'if ye do *that*, it will be mair than ony ither body has ever been able to do.' [1]

The visit of Waverley to the cave of Donald Bean Lean was based upon another incident, told to Scott on a later excursion to the Highlands in 1793, when he stopped for a time at Tullibody, the residence of Mr. Abercrombie, the grandfather of his intimate friend and companion, George Abercrombie. The old gentleman related how he had been compelled to make a visit to the wild retreats of Rob Roy, where he was entertained with great courtesy by that Highland chief in a cave very much like that described in Waverley. He was treated to a dinner of 'collops' or steaks, cut from his own cattle, which he recognized hanging by the heels in the cavern. He found it necessary to arrange for the payment of *blackmail* to the cateran, which insured the protection of his herds against not only Rob Roy himself, but all other freebooters.

We found just such a cave on the east shore of Loch Lomond in the heart of the Rob Roy country. It is reached by rowing from Inversnaid about a mile up the lake, and clambering over some rough rocks to the opening. It is known as Rob Roy's Cave and gave an excellent idea of the place where Waverley was entertained by Donald Bean Lean and the good-natured Highland girl, his daughter, who thought nothing of walking four miles to 'borrow' enough eggs for his breakfast. From the rocks we enjoyed a superb view of Loch Lomond,

[1] From *Illustrations of the Author of Waverley*, by Robert Chambers.

strongly suggesting the Highland loch of 'Waverley,' 'surrounded by heathy and savage mountains, on the crests of which the morning mist was still sleeping.' I was fortunate enough to get a good photograph of these mists as they rose above the summit of Ben Vorlich on the opposite side of the lake.

On this same excursion to the Highlands, Scott learned from another old gentleman something of the history of Doune Castle, the ruins of which now stand on the banks of the Ardoch, a tributary of the Tieth, some ten miles or more north of Stirling. We found the most beautiful view from the bridge on the main road, crossing the Tieth. The ruins show that the castle was once of great extent. It was built by Murdoch, Duke of Albany, while governor of Scotland in the exile of James I. When James returned in 1423, he took vengeance upon the unfaithful guardian of his kingdom and beheaded Murdoch on the Heading Hill of Stirling Castle. The Scottish monarchs, or several of them, utilized the castle as a dower-house for their queen consorts. James II in 1451 bestowed it upon his queen, Mary of Gueldres; James III gave it to his consort, Margaret of Denmark, in 1471; and James IV presented it to Queen Margaret in 1503, making it one of his royal residences. In the year 1745 it came into the possession of Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, who used it as a prison. Scott is quite consistent with the facts of history, therefore, when he causes Waverley to be detained there on his way to Holyrood Palace.

One other incident of this same Highland excursion must be mentioned. It was then that Scott first visited the home of his friend, Buchanan, the Laird of Cambus-

DOUNE CASTLE FROM THE TEITH

more. Francis Buchanan, the great uncle of the young laird, was carried away from this house to Carlisle, where he was hanged on a charge of treason, this estate and another at Strathyre being confiscated. The property was later restored to the family, by whom it is still owned. The account of the execution of Fergus MacIvor at Carlisle Castle was based upon this story, as told to Scott on the porch of Cambusmore by his friend Buchanan.

Another spot in the Highlands of which Scott was very fond is the little waterfall of Lediard. We found the place because we were looking for it, but the casual tourist would not be likely to see it. It is reached from the road leading along the north shore of Loch Ard, west of Aberfoyle and south of the Trossachs. I found it necessary to walk through a lane to a near-by farmhouse and then go up a slight incline by a narrow winding path along a little brook until I came to a thick wood. There the rush of the waters could be plainly heard, and guided by the sound, I was able after some search to find a rock where I could place my camera for a view of the little cascade. It is not remarkable either for the height of the fall or for the volume of water, but its charm comes from the dense foliage through which the sunlight dances and sparkles, from the rough rocks clothed in ferns and moss and wild flowers, except where the fantastic play of the streamlet keeps them bare, and from the deep pool at the bottom filled to the brim with pure, cold water.

This exquisite scene was chosen by Scott for one of his most romantic pictures — the meeting of Waverley and Flora MacIvor, when the graceful and beautiful daughter of the Highlands, blending her voice with the music of the waterfall and the accompaniment of the harp,

sang the Celtic verses so full of devotion to her native land and the cause of the Prince, calling to the clans: —

For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

It is interesting to compare the character of Flora MacIvor and her devotion to the fortunes of the exiled Stuarts with that of the famous Flora MacDonald. In the circumstances of their environment there is no similarity between the two heroines, one of fiction and the other of real life. Flora MacDonald was born in the Island of South Uist and brought in infancy to the neighbouring island of Skye. Except for a brief visit to Argyleshire, she never left those islands until after the stirring events which made her famous. She did not meet the Prince until she engaged in her efforts to rescue him, after the battle of Culloden.

In personal characteristics there is a very striking resemblance. Flora MacDonald, though reared in the solitude of a remote island, acquired an excellent education, to which she added the natural love of poetry and romance peculiar to her people. 'There was nothing unfeminine, either in her form or in her manners, to detract from the charm of her great natural vivacity, or give a tone of hardness to her strong good sense, calm judgment, and power of decision. Her voice was sweet and low; the harsher accents of the Scottish tongue were not to be detected in her discourse.'[1] She always manifested a perfect modesty and propriety of behaviour coupled with a noble simplicity of character which led her to regard with surprise the many tributes of praise which her conduct merited. These were the characteris-

[1] From a Memoir, by Mrs. Thomson, 1846.

tics with which Scott invested his heroine. Flora MacDonald's family belonged to the clan of MacDonald of Clanronald, and one of Scott's most valued friends, Colonel Ronaldson MacDonnel of Glengarry,[1] was a descendant of the same clan. He was an eccentric character who tried to play the chieftain and thought, felt, and acted about as he might have done a hundred years earlier, but could not do in his own time without provoking censure and ridicule. He even attempted to have himself recognized as the chief of the whole clan of Clanronald, though his own ancestors had been unable to establish the right. Scott regarded him as a treasure, 'full of information as to the history of his own clan, and the manners and customs of the Highlanders in general.' In his effort to make Fergus MacIvor, Vich Ian Vohr, a typical leader of one of the Highland clans, Scott no doubt received considerable help from Glengarry, whose castle of Invergarry was on Loch Oich, in Inverness, in the very heart of the country of the rebellious chiefs and only a few miles distant from Culloden, the scene of their final defeat.

Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq., the pompous, tiresome, but laughable bore, with his endless quotations in Latin, the honourable soldier, the excellent father and the lovable friend, is one of Scott's most interesting characters. Though an original creation, there was more than one man of his time who might have sat for the portrait of the brave, honourable, kind-hearted gentleman who spoke Latin as fluently as his native Scotch dialect and who loved his 'Livy' so much that

[1] It was to this good friend that Scott was indebted for the gift of his famous staghound Maida.

after escaping from some soldiers who had arrested him, he risked recapture in order to return and secure the beloved volume which he had forgotten in his haste. The absurd old Baron is represented as insisting upon his right and duty, under a charter of Robert Bruce, by which his lands were held, to pull off the boots of the King. Two difficulties present themselves: — first that Prince Charles is not the King, and second that he does not wear boots. But it is decided that Charles represents the King, and that a service performed to him is done for the King; also that brogues are a legitimate substitute for boots. So with the good-natured consent of the Prince, the ridiculous ceremony takes place with due solemnity. This incident, fantastic as it seems, is only an example of the way in which certain Scottish tenures were held. Mrs. Hughes, of Uffington, says that Scott told her of a similar tenure under which the Howistons of Braehead held their lands, namely, by presenting a basin and ewer with water and a towel for the King to wash whenever he came to Holyrood.

The Laird of Balmawhapple was a purely fictitious character, but the method of his death at Prestonpans was one of the true stories told to Scott as a child when he first visited the battle-field. A brave and honourable gentleman, one of the few cavalrymen who followed Prince Charles, was pursuing some fugitive dragoons. Suddenly discovering that they were followed only by one man and his two servants, the soldiers turned and cut down the courageous Highlander.

As in many of Scott's novels, the hero is less attractive than some of the subordinate characters. The author himself characterized Edward Waverley, somewhat too

ULLSWATER (WAVERLEY'S RETREAT AFTER THE DEFEAT OF THE CHEVALIER)

severely, as a 'sneaking piece of imbecility' and added, 'if he had married Flora, she would have set him up upon the chimneypiece, as Count Borowlaski's wife used to do with him.' Yet in the third chapter, where the subject is Waverley's education, he is really giving a bit of autobiography. He refers to Edward's power of imagination and love of literature and mentions the pleasure which his uncle's large library afforded him. 'He had read and stored, in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious though ill-arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature he was master of Shakespeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and was particularly well acquainted with Spenser, Drayton, and other poets, who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction.'

'Waverley' will always be remembered for its graphic picture of the Scottish Highlands in the period just before they ceased to have a distinctive individual existence, and for the portrait of the Young Pretender, who in 'the affair of 1745' achieved such a remarkable hold upon the affections of the Scottish people. Scott pictures the young Prince in the most brilliant period of his career, and if he does so in colours more attractive than his character deserves, it must be remembered that these were the traits which won the love of his followers and by which alone that affection can be explained. The excesses of later years had not yet marred the fine promise of youth, which, under happier circumstances, might have developed into a higher type of manhood.

CHAPTER IX

GUY MANNERING

For the principal scenery of Scott's second novel, we found it desirable to change our headquarters to the city of Dumfries, a royal burgh of great antiquity, on the banks of the river Nith. A mile or more to the north, where the Cluden flows into the Nith, are the picturesque ruins of Lincluden Abbey, to which Robert Burns made many a pilgrimage. His favourite walk was along the opposite bank of the stream, and here, at the close of a summer's day, he would promenade in the twilight, enjoying the calm of the evening while he composed his lyrics. Several miles farther north is Ellisland, where Burns endeavoured to combine the pursuit of farming with the collection of the king's revenue in the excise service, and incidentally 'met the Muses' to the extent of producing 'Tam o' Shanter' and several other well-known poems.

South of the city the Nith is a tidal river, gradually broadening until it becomes an arm of the Solway Firth. Two fine old ruins guard its outlet, one on either side. On the west is Sweetheart Abbey, a beautiful ruin in an excellent state of preservation. Its name comes from a pretty story. The Lady Devorgilla, mother of John Baliol, who became King of Scotland, founded the abbey in 1275 and erected a tomb near the high altar. At her husband's death, six years before, she had caused his heart to be embalmed and enclosed in a casket adorned

with precious stones, which she ever after carried with her wherever she went. She gave orders that at her death her body should be laid in the tomb which she had built and that the precious casket should be laid on her breast. Thus the two 'sweethearts' were to rest together. In the opening chapter of the novel, Scott refers to some monastic ruins which the young English gentleman, Guy Mannering, had spent the day in sketching. Doubtless Sweetheart Abbey was in his mind, or possibly Lincluden.

On the opposite side of the river, or of the bay, for it is difficult to tell where the river ends and the Solway begins, is the fine old ruin of Caerlaverock Castle, the original of 'Ellangowan Auld Place,' the ancestral home of the Bertram family and the place around which revolves the whole plot of 'Guy Mannering.'

The day after our arrival at Dumfries we set out to examine this ruin, stopping first at Glencaple, a small town on the Nith just below the place where the river begins to widen into an arm of the sea. It was low tide, and there was a sandy beach of extraordinary width which the receding waters had sculptured in waving lines of strange contour. The sky above was filled with fleecy clouds, and in the distance the summit of Criffell reared its height in a majestic background. It was on such a coast that Van Beest Brown, or Harry Bertram, landed when he returned to Scotland after many years, and found himself at the ruins of the house of his ancestors. The locality might be taken for the original of Portanferry, if geographical relations were to be considered.

Caerlaverock Castle is one of the most picturesque ruins in Scotland. Enough of the original walls remain

to show the unusual extent of the building. It was triangular in form, with two massive round turrets at one angle, forming the entrance, and a single turret at each of the others. The two entrance turrets and one of the others are still intact and well preserved. The turret which once stood at the third angle has completely disappeared. Between the front towers is a very tall arched doorway, now reached by a little wooden bridge over the moat. Many of these old ruins have mounds showing where the moat used to be, but this is one of the few in which the water still remains. For centuries the lofty turrets have been appropriated by rooks, and the moat is now a safe retreat for geese.

The inner court was three stories high, containing a magnificent suite of apartments, all richly sculptured. Behind these was a great banqueting-hall, ninety feet long, extending between the two rear towers along the base of the triangle. There was a great dais and ample arrangements for the seating of all guests of high and low degree. Judging from an ancient document, the castle was richly furnished. According to this inventory, there were eighty-six beds, five of them so sumptuous that they were valued at £110 sterling each. There were forty carpets, and a library worth more than £200. These figures would not, perhaps, seem large to a twentieth-century millionaire, but they indicate a scale of magnificence almost without parallel in the period when this castle flourished.

Caerlaverock was in existence as early as the sixth century, when it was founded by Lewarch Og. From him it received the name of Caer Lewarch Og, which in Gaelic signifies 'the city or fortress of Lewarch Og.' This

CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE

was subsequently corrupted to Caer-laverock. In the beginning of the fourteenth century it was besieged and captured by Edward I and recovered by Robert Bruce, changing hands twice again during the wars for independence that ensued. Murdoch, Duke of Albany, who was arrested for treason on the return of James I from exile, was imprisoned in one of these towers, and the castle was the residence of James V when he heard the news that broke his heart, the defeat of his forces at Solway Moss and the serious disaffection of his nobles.

On the day of our visit the ruin made a charming picture. The sky was partly filled with cumulus clouds of a foamy, filmy whiteness through the open spaces of which the sun was shining brightly. The clear water of the moat reflected the azure tint of the heavens, so that the old ruin, its turrets and walls thickly covered with the deep green of the ivy, was clearly defined against a background of white, bordered above and below with shades of the loveliest blue. The dry, yellow grass of the field in the foreground, the green rushes bordering the moat, some purple flowers at the base of the turrets and hundreds of bright golden wallflowers in the broken interstices of the walls completed a brilliancy of colour which I have seldom seen equalled in any landscape.

The surroundings of Caerlaverock do not in any way correspond with the environments of Ellangowan Auld Place. I had already learned, however, not to depend too much upon geographical considerations. It requires only a superficial knowledge of Scott's method of work to understand that while he was a most careful observer of all that interested him and wrote many accurate descriptions of scenery, he did not hesitate to use his

material with a free hand. It was perfectly simple for him to transplant an old ruin, which admirably fitted one requirement of the story, to a rocky coast, thirty or forty miles away, where the other necessary features were to be found, or even to combine two different parts of the coast for his purpose.

We found it necessary, therefore, to return to Dumfries, for there is no bridge below the city, and there, crossing the river, travel again to the south, this time on the west shore, to the town of Kirkcudbright, where we stopped long enough to learn to pronounce the name ('Kir-koo'bry') and to have our lunch. Then, continuing southward, we stopped our motor at Balmae, the country-seat of Lady Selkirk, and walked about a mile to the rocky coast of the Solway at Torr's Point, where we could enjoy a superb view of the Irish Sea, the English coast far away on the left, and the Isle of Man, faintly visible in the distance. The coast is high and rocky. It is broken into many coves or bays, which were a convenient resort for pirates and smugglers. It would be easy to imagine Ellangowan Auld Place situated on one of these cliffs, except that some other features have to be taken from another part of the coast. Scott's description of the smuggling trade carried on by Dirk Hatteraick and others of his kind was taken from the local traditions. The coast, to sailors who knew it well, offered many a haven of refuge, but was an extremely dangerous place for a stranger ship. There are many stories current regarding the exploits of Paul Jones, who was a native of Kirkcudbright. After embracing the American cause in the War of the Revolution, he cruised in his little ship, the Ranger, along the coasts of England and Scot-

land, his familiarity with the Solway enabling him to make use of its numerous coves to excellent advantage.

To complete the investigation of the scenery which Scott supposed to be within a mile of Ellangowan, I made another long journey the next day, taking the train from Dumfries to Kirkcudbright and thence driving westward by pony-cart, through Gatehouse-of-Fleet to Ravenshall Point on the coast of Wigtown Bay. Here we put up the horse at a farm and walked westward along the shore, my driver acting as guide. Chancing to meet a gentleman whose family are large landholders in the neighbourhood, I was conducted to the Gauger's Loup,[1] a cliff on the rocky coast, beneath which were some huge rocks that had dislodged and fallen to the shore. At this point a revenue officer was once attacked by smugglers and thrown over the cliffs, dashing out his brains on the ragged rocks below. This well-known incident gave Scott the basis for his account of the death of Kennedy. Standing on this cliff, my new-found friend pointed out a notch in a distant hill, called the 'Nick of the Doon,' which he said local tradition assigned as the place where Meg Merrilies pronounced her malediction upon the Laird of Ellangowan. Not many hundred yards away is the original of Dirk Hatteraick's Cave, so called because it was once used by smugglers and particularly by a Dutch skipper named Yawkins, who was the prototype of Scott's famous character. To reach it by direct line was impossible, so we walked down the road a quarter of a mile, crossed a field, climbed a stone wall, and dropped into a thick

[1] A 'Gauger' is an excise officer and 'Loup' is Scottish for 'leap.'

wood. Here the land sloped at an angle of forty-five degrees. The ground was thickly covered with garlic, emitting a strong odour. We finally reached the rocks and began a scramble worthy of a mountain goat, until at last we discovered the cave. The entrance is a narrow opening between two great rocks, barely large enough to admit a man of moderate size. We could look down a steep incline of about thirty feet, full of dirt and slime. It would be very easy to enter, for it would be like pushing a cork into an empty bottle. The difficulty would be to get the cork out. Having no desire to experiment, I took the guide's word for it, that the cave is about sixty feet long, from six to twelve feet wide, and high enough for a man to stand erect. It would, therefore, afford plenty of room for the crew of a smuggler's boat and a large cargo of whiskey and other contraband stores.

I asked the driver to impersonate Dirk Hatteraick for a few minutes, and he, good-naturedly, complied, crawling into the opening, which he completely filled, and looking out at me with a pipe in his mouth and a broad grin. I took his picture, but his honest young face and amiable smile made a very poor pose for the desperate old smuggler. It served, however, to show the small size of the opening, which might easily have been concealed by shrubbery or brushwood.

Scott's information regarding this coast came from Joseph Train, a resident of Newton-Stewart, a town in Galloway on the river Cree, just above its outlet into Wigtown Bay. He was an excise officer who performed his duties faithfully. He had early in life developed a passion for antiquarian research as well as a taste for poetry. With a friend he had begun the collection

of material for a History of Galloway, when he was surprised and delighted to receive a letter from Walter Scott, asking for some copies of a poem which he had written. In a subsequent letter Scott asked for any local traditions or legends which he did not wish to turn to his own account, adding, 'Nothing interests me so much as local anecdotes; and, as the applications for charity usually conclude, the smallest donation will be thankfully received.'

Train immediately abandoned the idea of attempting any work of original authorship and determined to devote himself to collecting material for the benefit of one who could make far better use of it,—a decision in which his friend acquiesced. 'Upon receiving Mr. Scott's letter,' he said, 'I became still more zealous in the pursuit of ancient lore, and being the first person who had attempted to collect old stories in that quarter with any view to publication, I became so noted, that even beggars, in the hope of reward, came frequently from afar to Newton-Stewart, to recite old ballads and relate old stories to me.'

In later years Train often visited Abbotsford; a genuine affection sprang up between him and the novelist; he became one of the few who knew the secret of the authorship of 'Waverley'; and no other of the author's many friends ever did so much in furnishing him material of the kind he wanted. Not only stories and ballads, but more tangible objects of antiquarian interest were picked up by him and forwarded to his patron. One of the most interesting possessions now in the study at Abbotsford is the Wallace Chair, made from the wood of the house in which Sir William Wallace

Was done to death by felon hand
For guarding well his fathers' land.

The chair was made under the direction of Train and presented by him to Sir Walter 'as a small token of gratitude.'

Besides giving Scott many descriptions of scenery and much local history, Train supplied a collection of anecdotes of the Galloway gipsies, and a story about an astrologer which reminded Scott of a similar story he had heard in his youth. This tale, as related to the novelist by an old servant of his father's, named John MacKinlay, appears in full in the Introduction to 'Guy Mannering.' Later Mr. Train put in writing 'The Durham Garland,' a ballad which was recited to him by a Mrs. Young, of Castle Douglas, who had been in the habit of repeating the verses to her family once a year in order not to forget them. It contains practically the same story. This old tale, reappearing in several different ways, became the basis of the novel.[1]

In January, 1813, Scott wrote to his friend, Morritt, mentioning a murder case in Galloway where the identity of the murderer was discovered by means of a footprint left upon the clay floor of the cottage where the

[1] Another story, some of the details of which may have suggested a part of the plot, concerns the experiences of James Annesley, a full account of which appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of July, 1840, and is reprinted in full in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. v. Lockhart says, 'That Sir Walter must have read the record of this celebrated trial, as well as Smollett's edition of the story in *Peregrine Pickle*, there can be no doubt.' The trial took place in 1743. It suggested, perhaps, something of the method by which Glossin undertook to deprive Harry Bertram of his rights. Another legal case, which came within Scott's own knowledge and may have suggested some of the details of the novel, was related by him in a letter to Lady Abercorn. See *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. I, p. 292.

death struggle took place. The 'old ram-headed sheriff,' nicknamed 'Leatherhead,' suddenly became sagacious. He advertised that all persons in the neighbourhood would be expected to be present at the burial of the victim and to attest their own innocence. This would be certain to include the murderer. When the people were assembled in the kirk he caused all the doors to be locked, and carefully measured the shoes of all present until he found the guilty man. The method by which the astute Counsellor Pleydell trapped Dirk Hatteraick was clearly suggested by this incident.

It will be seen from the above that the story was put together from fragments of Galloway incidents, mostly supplied by Train, and from various legal experiences known to the author.

Scott himself made a visit to Dumfries in 1807, when he spent several days visiting Sweetheart Abbey, Caerlaverock Castle, and other ancient buildings. Mr. Guthrie Wright, who made the trip with him, wrote: 'I need hardly say how much I enjoyed the journey. Every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance knows the inexhaustible store of anecdote and good humour he possessed. He recited poetry and old legends from morn until night, and in short it is impossible that anything could be more delightful than his society.'

When Scott made his visit to the English Lakes in 1797, he became impressed with the beauty of Westmoreland and Cumberland and particularly with the grandeur of the chain of mountains of which Skiddaw and Saddleback are the best known. It was in this pleasant country that he placed the home of Colonel Mannering. It will be remembered that Scott returned

from that excursion, through Cumberland to Gilsland. This is the route which he selected for Harry Bertram on his return to Scotland after many years. Bertram (or Brown, as he was then called) paused to view the remains of an old Roman wall, precisely as Scott himself had done. There are many such ruins in the vicinity of Gilsland, all remnants of the wall which it is believed the Roman general Agricola built from the Tyne to the Solway Firth about A.D. 79. One of these suggested to Scott the lines which he addressed to a lady friend in the year of his first visit: —

Take these flowers, which, purple waving,
On the ruined rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

A few miles from Amboglanna, the most interesting of these remains, in the village of Gilsland, is a neat little building, occupied by a store, which is pointed out as 'Mump's Ha'.' It has been so much rebuilt that it now suggests but little of the disreputable Border inn which once marked the site, nor does the present well-kept village suggest much of the scene that was supposed to greet the eyes of Bertram on his approach. The alehouse was the resort of Border thieves, and its reputation was so bad that a man known to possess a fair supply of money dared not remain overnight. Tib Mumps, the landlady, who was secretly in league with the freebooters who came to her place, was a real character; or perhaps

it would be better to say there were two women, either of whom might have served for her prototype. The tavern was kept by Margaret Carrick, who died in 1717 at the age of one hundred years. She was succeeded by her granddaughter, Margaret Teasdale, who lived to be ninety-eight. Both are buried in the churchyard of Over-Denton, a mile away. Scott no doubt heard much about them both at the time of his visit, and also the story of 'Fighting Charlie of Liddesdale' which suggested some of the material for the exploits of Dandie Dinmont.

Dandie was one of those 'real characters' who are not 'real' because there were a dozen of him. In Scott's so-called raids into Liddesdale, where he 'had a home in every farmhouse,' he met many prototypes of Dandie. James Davidson, one of these worthy farmers, possessed a large family of terriers, all of whom he named Mustard and Pepper, according as they were yellow or greyish black. For this reason and because of his great passion for fox-hunting, the name of Dandie Dinmont became fixed upon him. Far from resenting it, Davidson considered that he had achieved a great honour.

Robert Shortreed, Scott's guide through Liddesdale, fixed upon Willie Elliott, of Millburnholm, the first of these farmers whom Scott visited, as the real Dandie. Lockhart, however, gives the honour to neither, and believes that Scott built up the description of this kind and manly character and of his gentle wife, Ailie, from his observation of the early home of William Laidlaw, who later became the novelist's amanuensis and one of his most affectionate friends.

At 'Mump's Ha', Bertram first met the old witch,

Meg Merrilies, who played so important a part in his destiny. Scott, as a boy attending school at Kelso, had made several visits to Kirk Yetholm, a village near the English Border, then known as the capital of the gipsies. A certain gipsy soldier, having rendered a service to the Laird of Kirk Yetholm in 1695, was allowed to settle on his estate, which thereafter was the headquarters of the tribe. Scott remembered being accosted on one of his visits by a 'woman of more than female height, dressed in a long red cloak,' who gave him an apple. This woman was Madge Gordon, who was the Queen of the Yetholm tribes. She was a granddaughter of Jean Gordon, whom she greatly resembled in appearance. An interesting story of the latter, who was the real Meg Merrilies, is told in the Introduction to 'Guy Mannering.'

The royal name of the gipsies was Faa, supposed to be a corruption of Pharaoh from whom they claimed descent. Gabriel Faa, the nephew of Meg Merrilies, was a character whom Scott met when on an excursion with James Skene. 'He was one of those vermin-destroyers,' says Skene, 'who gain a subsistence among the farmers in Scotland by relieving them of foxes, polecats, rats, and such-like depredators. The individual in question was a half-witted, stuttering, and most original-looking creature, ingeniously clothed in a sort of tattered attire, to no part of which could any of the usual appellations of man's garb be appropriately given. We came suddenly upon this crazy sportsman in one of the wild glens of Roxburghshire, shouting and bellowing on the track of a fox, which his not less ragged pack of mongrels were tracking around the rocky face of a hill. He was

like a scarecrow run off, with some half-dozen grey-plaided shepherds in pursuit of him, with a reserve of shaggy curs yelping at their heels.'

Scott was able to write the vivid description of the salmon-spearing incident, in which Gabriel lets the torch drop into the water just as one of the fishermen had speared a thirty-pound fish, because the sport was one of his own favourite amusements. One night in January, he, with James Skene, Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, and one or two others, were out on the Tweed by the side of Elibank. They had a fine, blazing light and the salmon were plentiful. The boat, however, was a crazy old craft, and just as they reached the deepest pool in the river she began to sink. His companions begged him to push for the shore, but Scott, in great glee, replied, 'Oh, she goes fine,' and began some verses of an old song: —

> An gin the boat war bottomless,
> An seven miles to row, —

when the boat suddenly went to the bottom. Nothing worse than a good drenching happened to any of the party and Scott enjoyed the experience heartily.

While attending lectures in the University of Edinburgh, it happened frequently that Scott sat by the side of a modest but diligent student, whose extreme poverty was quite obvious. This did not deter him from making a companion of the boy, and they often walked together in the country. Toward the end of the session, he was strolling alone one day when he saw his friend talking, in a confidential manner, with an old beggar to whom he had often given small sums of money. Observing some confusion on the part of the young man, he made some inquiries, and learned that the beggar was his friend's

father. It was characteristic of Scott's generous heart that he did not allow this fact to break the acquaintance, but with great sympathy he kept the secret. Some time later he called by special request of the old man at the latter's humble cottage, where he found his fellow student, pale and emaciated from a recent illness. He learned that the old man had saved enough for his own maintenance, but had voluntarily subjected himself to the humiliation of professional mendicancy for no other purpose than to pay for his son's college expenses. In the course of the conversation the poor father often expressed the hope that his bairn 'might wag his pow in a pulpit yet.' These are the words attributed to the parents of Dominie Sampson, of whom the poor lad was the earliest suggestion. When the family came to live at Abbotsford, a tutor for Walter, the eldest son, was required. Scott, always eager to help the unfortunate, employed George Thomson, 'a gallant son of the church,' who by accident had lost a leg. He was 'tall, vigorous, athletic, a dauntless horseman, and expert at the single-stick.' Scott often said of him, 'In the Dominie, like myself, accident has spoiled a capital lifeguardsman.' He was a man of many eccentricities and peculiarities of disposition, among them a remarkable absent-mindedness, but kind-hearted, faithful, upright, and an excellent scholar. In these respects he was the prototype of Dominie Sampson, though the story of the latter's devotion to Lucy Bertram in the days of her adversity is based upon an incident in the life of another person.

Counsellor Pleydell, whom Dominie Sampson regarded as 'a very erudite and fa-ce-ti-ous person,' was generally identified, by those who knew Edinburgh a century

ago, with Mr. Andrew Crosbie,[1] a flourishing member of the Scottish Bar of that period. Eminent lawyers were then in the habit of meeting their clients in taverns, where important business was transacted to the accompaniment of drinking and revelry. This typical old Scottish gentleman of real life lived in Lady Stair's Close and later in Advocate's Close, both resembling the quarters assigned to Counsellor Pleydell. In those days, the extremely high buildings, crowded closely together in that part of the Old Town nearest to the Parliament House, were occupied by the élite of Edinburgh society. They were ten and twelve stories high and reached by narrow winding stairs. Access from High Street was gained by means of narrow and often steep alleyways or closes. As a rule the more aristocratic and exclusive families lived on the top floors, and as there were no elevators, it might be said, the higher a man's social position, the more he had to work for his living.

Like his brethren in the profession, Mr. Crosbie had his favourite tavern, where he could always be found by any of the 'cadies'[2] in the street. This was Dawny Douglas's tavern in Anchor Close, the meeting-place of the 'Crochallan Fencibles,' a convivial club of which William Smellie, a well-known printer and editor of the

[1] As Crosbie died when Scott was only fourteen, the novelist could scarcely have known him personally; on the other hand, he could hardly have failed to hear the stories of such an individual, whose exploits were well known to the frequenters of Parliament Square.

[2] These cadies (or caddies, a name that has become familiar through the introduction of the Scotch game of golf) were a class of men and boys who in the eighteenth century frequented the law courts of Edinburgh, eager to be employed upon any errand. They knew the particular haunts of all the lawyers of any consequence, and never dreamed of looking for anybody at his own home, or in any place other than the special tavern which he was known to frequent.

day, was the inspiring genius, and where Robert Burns, when in Edinburgh, joined heartily in the bacchanalian revels which were famous for their duration and intensity. Smellie's printing-office in this close was frequented by some of the most eminent literary men of the day.

The game of 'High Jinks' was played on Saturday nights in Douglas's tavern very much as described in the novel. Clerihugh's, which Scott mentions as Mr. Pleydell's resort, was a somewhat more respectable place in Writers' Court.

It is a curious fact that Mr. Crosbie had a clerk very much like Pleydell's 'Driver,' who could write from dictation just as well, asleep or awake, drunk or sober, and whose principal recommendation was that he could always be found at the same tavern, while less 'steady' fellows often had half a dozen. The incident which Mr. Pleydell relates to Colonel Mannering, of how certain legal papers were prepared while both lawyer and clerk were intoxicated, was, we are assured by the author, no uncommon occurrence. It will be remembered that Mr. Pleydell had been dining on Saturday night and at a late hour, when he 'had a fair tappit hen [1] under his belt,' was asked to draw up some papers. Driver was sent for and brought in both speechless and motionless. He was unable to see the inkstand, and it was necessary for some one to dip the pen in the ink. Nevertheless he was able to write as handsomely as ever and the net result of this attempt to 'worship Bacchus and Themis'

[1] The 'Tappit Hen' was a pewter mug, with the figure of a hen on the lid. It held three quarts of claret, which was drawn from the tap, — hence the name.

EDINBURGH FROM THE CASTLE

at the same time, was a document in which 'not three words required to be altered.'

Crosbie's clerk, though a dissipated wretch, was well versed in the law. He had been known to destroy a paper in his employer's writing and draw up a better one himself. An old Scotchman used to say that 'he would not give ——'s drunken glour at a paper for the serious opinions of the haill bench.'

Unfortunately, both Crosbie and his clerk gave up the 'steady' habit of drinking at a single tavern and in later life began to frequent many places. The result was the complete ruin of both. Scott's highly amusing account of the convivial habits of Counsellor Pleydell and his dissipated clerk is a fairly accurate, if not entirely complimentary picture of the daily life of a certain class of prominent lawyers in Edinburgh, in the middle of the eighteenth century. The more pleasing side of Pleydell's character was taken from Adam Rolland, an old friend of Scott's, who died at the age of eighty-five, four years after 'Guy Mannering' was published. He was an accomplished gentleman, an excellent scholar, an eminent lawyer, and a man of the highest probity and Christian character. He would have been quite incapable of such a performance as 'high jinks.'

As in many of his other novels, Scott makes the subordinate characters of 'Guy Mannering' the most interesting. Dominie Sampson, Dandie Dinmont, Meg Merrilies, Dirk Hatteraick, and Paulus Pleydell are original creations of strong, dramatic interest. Each had a prototype in real life, but it was the genius of the novelist that brought them into existence in the sense that Mr. Pickwick and Becky Sharp are real people, and

conferred upon them a kind of immortality that will be as sure to delight the generations of the future as they have been successful in appealing to the readers of the past century.

As to Colonel Mannering himself, I need only repeat the exclamation of James Hogg when he first read the novel: — 'Colonel Mannering is just Walter Scott painted by himself!' Though doubtless not intended for a portrait, the fine, dignified, soldierly, and scholarly colonel is the picture of a perfect gentleman, intended to embody the high ideals which were a part of Scott's own character and for which we like to remember him.

CHAPTER X

THE ANTIQUARY

WASHINGTON IRVING'S story of a week spent with Scott at Abbotsford always leaves in my mind an indescribable thrill of pleasure. Partly because Irving really did have a delightful experience such as falls to the lot of few men and partly because he knew, better than others, how to transfer his own pleasurable emotions to the minds of other people, it is certain that, to my mind at least, there is no single sketch in all the Scott literature, not even in Lockhart's brilliant work, that throws a stronger light upon the Great Wizard's character or illuminates a more attractive picture.

It was a happy week for the American visitor, and I imagine it contained no happier moment than when the younger author nestled by the side of his warm-hearted friend, under the lee of a sheltering bank during a shower, the plaid of the Scotchman closely wrapped around them both, while the enchanting flow of anecdote, reminiscence, and whimsical suggestion went merrily on in spite of the Scottish mist. It was in the course of their walk on this particular morning that Scott stopped at the cottage of a labourer on his estate to examine some tongs that had been dug up in the Roman camp near by. 'As he stood regarding the relic,' says Irving, 'turning it round and round, and making comments on it, half grave, half comic, with the cottage group around him, all joining occasionally in the collo-

quy, the inimitable character of Monkbarns was again brought to mind and I seemed to see before me that prince of antiquarians and humourists, holding forth to his unlearned and unbelieving neighbours.' There was something peculiarly delightful about Scott's antiquarianism. He seemed to feel that those who were without his own knowledge of values were inclined to smile at his enthusiasm, and whenever he talked on his favourite subject there was an undercurrent of sly humour which gave an exquisite flavour to his conversation. The discovery of anything ancient, whether a ruined castle, a broadsword or sporran from the Highlands, or a scrap of some old ballad, gave him the greatest pleasure, and nothing afforded his friends more enjoyment than to be able to present him with such relics and curiosities as they knew he would appreciate. A casual walk through the Entrance Hall and Armory of Abbotsford, where hundreds of helmets, suits of armour, swords, guns, pistols, and curiosities of infinite variety are displayed, is enough to suggest to any one that Sir Walter himself was the real Jonathan Oldbuck of 'The Antiquary.' A glance at the Library, with its collection of twenty thousand rare old volumes, is enough to prove that Scott, like Monkbarns, was not only an antiquary but a bibliophile as well. Who but a genuine enthusiast could have written that chapter in which the worthy Mr. Oldbuck exhibits the treasures of his *sanctum sanctorum* to Mr. Lovel? 'These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, St. Mary's Wynd, — wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things

rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling on a half penny, lest, by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price, he should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article! — how have I trembled, lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall as a rival amateur, or prowling bookseller in disguise! — And, then, Mr. Lovel, the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration, and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference, while the hand is trembling with pleasure!'

It was during the visit to Prestonpans, previously mentioned, that Scott, a child of six, first made the acquaintance of George Constable, an old friend of his father's, who resided near Dundee. He must have learned from this gentleman something which started in him the antiquarian instincts, for, as he himself has remarked, 'children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind in hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend.' Certainly he put enough of Mr. Constable into the description of Jonathan Oldbuck to cause various friends to recognize him; and as Constable's intimacy with Scott's father was well known, this gave colour to the suspicion that Scott himself was the unknown author of 'The Antiquary.' But even a more faithful delineation of George Constable than the book contains would have failed to bring out the real charm of the delightful Oldbuck. It is the Scott part of his nature that we really enjoy.

Next to the Antiquary himself, old Edie Ochiltree is the character who is chiefly responsible for the pleasant

flavour of this book. He is a mendicant whom it is a real pleasure to meet. His amiable nature, his sly good humour, and his genuine friendliness win your affection in the beginning and hold it to the very end. He is a picture drawn from real life, though it is probable that old Andrew Gemmels, his prototype, did not possess the many endearing qualities with which the novelist invested Edie.

The 'blue gowns' of the south of Scotland were a class of licensed beggars, known as the 'King's Bedesmen.' The number of them was supposed to be the same as the years of the King's life, so it was necessary to initiate a new member of the aristocracy of paupers every year. At every royal birthday each bedesman received a new light-blue cloak or gown and a pewter badge, together with a purse containing as many pennies as the years of the King's life. Their sole duty was to pray for long life for the King, which, considering that the older the sovereign the larger the purse, they might very cheerfully do. In return, all laws against beggars were suspended in their favour, and the 'blue gowns' went about from house to house, fairly assured of food and lodging and seemingly free from care.

The service of the 'blue gown' to the community is best set forth in the words of Edie Ochiltree, who apparently considered himself a public benefactor: —

> And then what wad a' the country about do for want o' auld Edie Ochiltree, that brings news and country cracks frae ae farm-steading to anither and gingerbread to the lasses, and helps the lads to mend their fiddles and the gudewives to clout their pans, and plaits rush-swords and grenadier caps for the weans and busks the lairds' flees, and has skill o'

cow-ills and horse-ills, and kens mair auld sangs and tales than a' the barony besides, and gars ilka body laugh wherever he comes? Troth, my leddy, I canna lay down my vocation; it would be a public loss.

Andrew Gemmels was well known throughout the Border country of Scotland for more than half a century as a professional beggar or 'gaberlunzie.' He had been a soldier in his youth and maintained his erect military carriage even in old age. He was very tall and carried a walking-stick almost as high as himself. His features were strongly intellectual, but marked by a certain fierceness and austerity of expression, the result of his long and peculiar contact with all sorts of hard experiences. Scott, who had often met him, comments upon his remarkable gracefulness. With his striking attitudes he would have made a fine model for an artist. One of his chief assets was an unusual power of sarcasm, coupled with a keen wit, the fear of which often gained for him favours which might otherwise have been denied. He was full of reminiscences of the wars and of adventures in foreign lands, which he told in a droll fashion, coupled with a shrewd wit, that always made him an entertaining visitor. He wandered about the country at pleasure, demanding entertainment as a right, which was accorded usually without question. His preference as to sleeping quarters was the stable or some outbuilding where cattle were kept. He never burdened anybody, usually appearing at the same place only once or twice a year. He always had money — frequently more than those of whom he begged. When a certain parsimonious gentleman expressed regret that he had no silver in his pocket or he would have given him sixpence, Andrew promptly

replied, 'I can give you change for a note, laird.' In later years he travelled about on his own horse, a very good one, and carried a gold watch. He died at the age of a hundred and six years, leaving enough wealth to enrich a nephew, who became a considerable landholder. His tombstone in Roxburgh Churchyard, near Kelso, contains a quaint carved figure of the mendicant, above which are the words, 'Behold the end o' it.' This refers to an incident related by a writer in the 'Edinburgh Magazine' in 1817, the year after the publication of the novel: —

Many curious anecdotes of Andrew's sarcastic wit and eccentric manners are current in the Borders. I shall for the present content myself with one specimen, illustrative of Andrew's resemblance to his celebrated representative. The following is given as commonly related with much good humour by the late Mr. Dodds, of the War-Office, the person to whom it chiefly refers: Andrew happened to be present at a fair or market somewhere in Teviotdale (St. Boswell's if I mistake not) where Dodds, at that time a non-commissioned officer in His Majesty's service, happened also to be with a military party recruiting. It was some time during the American War, when they were eagerly beating up for fresh men — to teach passive obedience to the obdurate and ill-mannered Columbians; and it was then the practice for recruiting sergeants, after parading for a due space with all the warlike pageantry of drums, trumpets, 'glancing blades, and gay cockades,' to declaim in heroic strains the delights of the soldier's life, of glory, patriotism, plunder, the prospect of promotion for the bold and the young, and His Majesty's munificent pension for the old and the wounded, etc., etc. Dodds, who was a man of much natural talent, and whose abilities afterwards raised him to an honourable rank and independent fortune, had made one of his most brilliant speeches on this occasion. A crowd of ardent and anxious

rustics were standing round, gaping with admiration at the imposing mien, and kindling at the heroic eloquence, of the manly soldier, whom many of them had known a few years before as a rude tailor boy; and the sergeant himself, already leading in idea a score of new recruits, had just concluded, in a strain of more than usual elevation, his oration in praise of the military profession, when Gemmels, who, in tattered guise, was standing close behind him, reared aloft his *meal-pocks* on the end of his kent or pike-staff, and exclaimed, with a tone and aspect of the most profound derision, 'Behold the end o' it!' The contrast was irresistible — the beau-ideal of Sergeant Dodds, and the ragged reality of Andrew Gemmels, were sufficiently striking; and the former, with his red-coat followers, beat a retreat in some confusion, amidst the loud and universal laughter of the surrounding multitude.

The character of the old 'gaberlunzie,' as revealed in this anecdote, was so faithfully transferred by the novelist to Edie Ochiltree, that in spite of some embellishments he was immediately recognized.

To study the scenery of 'The Antiquary,' we went to Arbroath, a town on the east coast of Scotland, which traces its beginnings back to the twelfth century. This is the original of Fairport, and we found all of the scenery of the novel in the immediate neighbourhood. In the midst of a shower which threatened destruction to all photographic attempts, we made our first visit to the ruins of the Abbey of St. Thomas, the original of St. Ruth's. It was a disappointment to find this ruin in the heart of the city, instead of a 'wild, sequestered spot,' where a 'pure and profound lake' discharged itself into a 'huddling and tumultuous brook.' But the Wizard always reserved the right to transplant his ruined castles and abbeys to suit his taste, and he was quite justified

in transferring St. Ruth's to more romantic surroundings, particularly as there is a deep ravine known as Seaton Den, on the coast north of Arbroath, which answers every requirement.

Thanks to the British Government, which took charge of the abbey in 1815, there is still left enough of the walls to make a picturesque ruin of considerable extent. For two centuries previously the people of the village freely used the stones for building purposes. It is necessary to go back six centuries to find the church in its full perfection, when it was one of the richest and most sumptuously furnished establishments in Scotland. In the year 1320, a parliament was held in the abbey by King Robert the Bruce, and a letter, regarded as one of the most remarkable documents in early British history, was sent to the Pope, appealing for a recognition of Scottish independence.

The original abbey was founded in the year 1178 by William the Lion, a Scottish monarch whose name is associated with nearly all of the principal buildings which form the scenes of 'The Antiquary.' It was dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, the famous Thomas à Becket, whom William had met at the court of the English King, Henry II, when a young man. From ancient documents it would seem that the monastery was maintained in a state of great opulence and that it was open to all comers, rich and poor alike.

The predominating feature of the ruin, as it stands to-day, is the south wall, containing what the people of Arbroath call the 'Roond O,' a window twelve feet in diameter, immediately over the altar of St. Catharine. Beneath this opening is a gallery with seven arches of

carved stone, suggesting the scene in 'The Antiquary' where the impostor, Dousterswivel, and Sir Arthur Wardour are digging for treasure in the ruins, while Lovel and Edie Ochiltree watch the performance from just such a place of concealment. We could almost smell the fumes of the 'suffumigation' and hear the violent sneezes of old Edie and the terrified ejaculation of Dousterswivel, 'Alle guten Geistern, loben den Herrn!'

Monkbarns, the home of Jonathan Oldbuck, is closely associated with the history of the abbey. When the fame of that establishment had spread throughout Scotland and England, there were many pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. Many of these pilgrims arrived sick and exhausted. To provide for them, a rude hospital was ordered built, about two miles away from the abbey, on lands now occupied by a handsome building known as Hospitalfield. In Scott's day this house was very much less pretentious and might well have corresponded with his description of an 'irregular and old-fashioned building, some part of which had belonged to a grange, or solitary farmhouse, inhabited by the bailiff, or steward of the monastery, when the place was in possession of the monks. It was here that the community stored up the grain which they received as ground-rent from their vassals; . . . and hence, as the present proprietor loved to tell, came the name of Monkbarns.' Readers of 'The Antiquary' will remember the altercation between Oldbuck and his sister when the latter was requested to make a bed ready for Mr. Lovel. '"A bed? The Lord preserve us!" ejaculated Grizel. "Why, what 's the matter now? Are there not beds and rooms enough in the house? Was it not an ancient *hospitium*

in which, I am warranted to say, beds were nightly made down for a score of pilgrims?"'

The property has a beautiful situation and is otherwise so desirable that it passed from the monks into private hands centuries ago. It finally came into the possession of Patrick Allan-Fraser, who made such extensive additions that whatever is left of the original building owned by the monks is completely covered up. This public-spirited gentleman, who died in 1890, left the estate in trust for the benefit and encouragement of young men who desired to study painting, sculpture, wood-carving, architecture, or engraving, and the house is now occupied by teachers and students. It has an art gallery containing some valuable paintings, sculptures, and wood-carvings, and a library of old documents and rare folios that would delight the soul of Jonathan Oldbuck himself.

It was the most natural thing in the world for us, after visiting Monkbarns, to seek the residence of his Tory friend and fellow antiquarian, Sir Arthur Wardour, although we did not find it within easy walking distance as might have been inferred. Ethie Castle has been generally fixed upon by local writers as the original of Knockwinnock. The present building is one of the country-seats of the Earl of Northesk. It is a red-stone structure of considerable antiquity and irregular design, which nevertheless made a pleasing picture when seen at a distance of several hundred yards from the front. A tiny brook crossed by a wooden bridge and flanked by huge rhododendrons in full bloom made a charming foreground. Beyond was a sloping field of tall grass, which had been mown only enough to make a broad path in

the midst of which were countless thousands of dainty pink-and-white daisies. On either side were ample groves of well-foliaged trees, making a vista in which the old red mansion appeared to excellent advantage.

Ethie Castle was part of the endowment which William the Lion granted to the Abbey of Aberbrothock. It therefore dates back to the year 1178. In the sixteenth century it was the residence of Cardinal Beaton, who seems to have bequeathed to it the 'Cardinal's Chapel,' by which name a room in the house is still known and 'the tramp of the Cardinal's leg,' a weird, ghostly sound of footsteps on the old stone stairs, with which the castle is haunted. After the death of the Cardinal, a natural daughter laid claim to the estate. Thus, as with Knockwinnock, the 'bar-sinister' appears on the escutcheon of the family.

Directly east of Ethie Castle and not far distant are the cliffs of Red Head. The coast for some miles north of Arbroath is a series of huge cliffs, with many strange caverns and curious rock formations. Almost any of them, but Red Head perhaps better than the others, would serve as the scene of the thrilling incident in 'The Antiquary,' in which Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter are overtaken by the tide and rescued with great difficulty by Saunders Mucklebackit, ably assisted by Lovel and Edie Ochiltree. Two huge rocks rise almost perpendicularly from the shore. It is easily conceivable that any attempt to walk around them, in the face of a swiftly rising tide, would be fraught with dangerous, if not fatal, consequences.

The village of Auchmithie, the home of the Mucklebackits, is situated on one of the cliffs south of Red

Head. This is the most realistic of all the scenes of 'The Antiquary.' The village, with the exception of a new hotel, is practically as it was when Scott was a visitor in 1814. There is but one street, and that has no name; but the houses are numbered, city-fashion. The post-office address of an inhabitant would, therefore, give the number of the house and the name of the town, omitting any mention of a street; thus the old fisherman, who posed for me and to whom I mailed a photograph, lives at Number 58, Auchmithie, Scotland. This old fellow is a type of the neighbours of Saunders Mucklebackit. The habits of life of the people, their dress, their occupations, their houses, their furniture, even their names, are the same as they were a hundred years ago. I asked the old man how old his house was. He replied, 'Ou, I dinna ken hoo auld. I'se seventy-two mysel' and I was born here and my grandfeyther, too.' Several others of whom I asked the same question gave substantially the same answer.

The post-office was in one of these ancient cottages, with a new front, but otherwise unchanged. Its occupant was quite communicative. He said it was the original Cargill Cottage, and that George Cargill, who occupied it a century ago, was the original Mucklebackit. 'When Walter Scott came to Auchmithie,' said he, 'he came by boat. There was n't any way to land except through the breakers and he could n't do that without getting his feet wet. So Cargill had to carry him ashore on his back. When he set him down on dry land, Scott clapped him on the back and said, '"What a muckle backed fellow you are, Geordie, to be sure!" Muckle, you see, sir, means "much" or "big," and George had a

AUCHMITHIE

great big broad back, so that's how Walter Scott got the name, Mucklebackit.' He let me take a photograph of the interior of the cottage, where a single room served for bedroom, breakfast-room, kitchen, and numerous other purposes. I suppose the cottage of Saunders Mucklebackit must have presented much the same appearance to Monkbarns when he walked in to attend the funeral of young Steenie Mucklebackit and won the hearts of all by performing the office of chief mourner, according the family the rare honour of having the laird 'carry the head of the deceased to the grave.'

I found a very pleasant family group in front of the next cottage, and after a few moment's conversation asked permission to take their picture. Not hearing a dissenting voice, I understood my request would be granted and began to set up my camera in the street. Before I had half made ready, the entire group had disappeared. The police department of the town then marched up to me, — one man strong, — and for a moment I felt afraid I had been violating some law. But he was only curious, and told me that the people had a strange aversion to being photographed. I left my camera all focused and ready in the street and sauntered with the constable to the side of the road. In a few minutes a picturesque old fishwife, carrying two large empty pails in each hand, came out of her house, all unconscious of the awful presence of a loaded camera and I quickly stepped out and pressed the bulb. 'That's Coffee Betz you got then,' laughed the constable. 'She would n't let you take her picture, but she's one of the Cargills.' In this way I came as near as possible to getting a photograph of the original Luckie Mucklebackit

with whom Monkbarns haggled over the price of a bannock-fluke and a cock-padle. For the fishwives of to-day are the same as those of a century ago, — 'they keep the man, and keep the house, and keep the siller, too.' The men consider their own work ended when the boat is pulled up on the beach. It is the wife who must market the fish, which she does by carrying them on her back to the nearest town, where she must 'scauld and ban wi' ilka wife that will scauld and ban wi' her' until the fish are sold. 'Them that sell the goods guide the purse — them that guide the purse rule the house,' and therefore by common consent in these communities, the wife is the head of the family.

Back from Auchmithie is the mansion house of Kinblethmont, surrounded by some fine old woods. It will be remembered that Edie Ochiltree was passing this place on his return from the Earl of Glenallan's castle when he was arrested on a charge of assaulting Dousterswivel. Colonel Lindsay, of Kinblethmont, and the Laird of Hospitalfield were the leaders who took the direction of affairs when a French privateer named the 'Dreadnought' threatened the town of Arbroath in very much the same way as Fairport was menaced in 'The Antiquary.' The same scenes of excitement so vividly described in the novel were there enacted.

Scott, however, had passed through a similar experience himself, which enabled him to write the dramatic event with greater ease. For several years, in the early part of the nineteenth century, the people of England and Scotland were kept in a state of nervous dread by the expectation of an invasion by the French. Beacons were erected all along the coast ready to give instant

alarm, and militia organizations were everywhere kept in a state of readiness. A false alarm on February 2, 1804, brought out the volunteers of Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and Selkirkshire with surprising rapidity. Scott had gone with his wife for a visit to Gilsland, the scene of their courtship. He was then a member of the Edinburgh Volunteers. When the alarm came he promptly mounted his horse and rode with all speed to Dalkeith, a distance of one hundred miles, within twenty-four hours. The alarm had subsided when he reached his destination, and after a few jolly evenings with his fellow volunteers he returned to the south. It was on this hurried trip that he composed a poem, entitled, 'The Bard's Incantation.'

'The Antiquary' thus closes as it began, with a leaf out of the author's personal experience. I have no doubt that he heartily enjoyed its composition. It must have been an exquisite pleasure to one so appreciative of genuine humour to caricature his own antiquarian foibles; to weave into the pages of romance the many tales he had heard in his youth of a character so interesting as the old 'gaberlunzie'; and to make the people of his fancy walk the streets of the ancient seaport town, visit the old abbey, saunter along the cliffs of the seashore, or roam about over the adjacent country, where he had spent many pleasant hours in the company of well-loved friends.

Although Scott's own opinion at first was that 'The Antiquary' lacked the romance of 'Waverley' and the adventure of 'Guy Mannering,' yet in subsequent years he came to regard it as his favourite among all the Waverley Novels.

CHAPTER XI

THE BLACK DWARF

Late in the afternoon of a beautiful May day, while on one of our drives from Melrose, we turned off the main road a few miles west of Peebles, and, crossing the Tweed, entered the vale of Manor Water. This secluded valley, peaceful and charming, would make an ideal retreat for any one who wished to escape the noise and confusion of a busy world. The distinguished philosopher and historian, Dr. Adam Ferguson, found it so, when in old age he took up his residence at Hallyards, where his young friend, Walter Scott, paid him a visit in the memorable summer of 1797.

It was not a desire to retire from worldly activities, however, or to visit the house of Dr. Ferguson, that led us into the quiet valley. Our purpose was to see the former home of one of the strangest human beings who ever lived; one who found the seclusion of the beautiful vale well adapted to shield him from the unwelcome observation of the curious-minded. David Ritchie, or 'Bow'd Davie o' the Wud'use,'[1] as he was called, was for many years a familiar figure to the few farmers of the valley. He was born about 1735, and lived to be seventy-six years of age. He had been horribly deformed from birth. His shoulders were broad and muscular, and his arms unusually long and powerful, though he could not lift them higher than his breast. But Nature seemed

[1] Or Bowed Davie of the Woodhouse Farm.

to have omitted providing him with legs and thighs. The upper part of his body, with proportions seemingly intended for a giant, was set upon short fin-like legs, so small that when he stood erect they were almost invisible. His height was scarcely three feet and a half. His feet were badly adapted for walking and were kept wrapped in masses of rags as though they were the particular feature of which their owner was most ashamed. So completely did he depend upon the strength of his arms and chest that, unable to use his feet in the ordinary way in digging his garden, he contrived a peculiar spade which he could force into the soil with his breast. With his great arms he had been known to tear a tree up by the roots, which had defied the strength of two ordinary men.

His head was unusually large, particularly behind the ears. He had a long nose, a wide, ugly mouth, and a protruding chin covered with a grisly black beard. He had eyes of piercing black which in moments of excitement gleamed with wild and awe-inspiring brightness. His voice was shrill, harsh, and discordant, more like that of a screech-owl than a human being, and his laugh was said to be horrible.

His mind corresponded in deformity with his body. He was eccentric, irritable, jealous, and strangely superstitious. He was sensitive beyond all reason and could not endure even the glance of his curious fellow men. He read insult and scorn in faces where neither was intended. He thoroughly despised all children and most strangers. His whole nature seemed to have been poisoned with bitterness of spirit because he was not like other men. Scott was introduced to this singular

individual by Dr. Ferguson, who had taken a great interest in him. Nineteen years later, and five years after the death of David Ritchie, he made the recluse of Manor Valley known to the world as 'The Black Dwarf,' in the first of the 'Tales of My Landlord.'

We found the cottage a little off the road and not far from the river, nestling under the brow of a hill. I should, perhaps, say two cottages, joined together and nearly of the same size. The one on the left is of comparatively recent date and has a weather-stained bust of Sir Walter over the door. The older cottage is divided by a partition. On the right is a door and window of ordinary size. On the left is a door three and a half feet high and a very small window. There is no means of communication between the two apartments. The left side was occupied by David Ritchie and the right by his half-crazed sister, Agnes. There was never any affection between these two unfortunates, but on the contrary, and in spite of the loneliness of their lives, there was an almost complete estrangement.

The cottage has a stone over the dwarf's door inscribed 'D. R. 1802.' This commemorates the date when it was built, by the charity of Sir James Nasmyth, the owner of the land. It replaces a hut built by David himself in very much the same manner as described in the novel. With his own hands the dwarf rolled the heavy stones down from the hill, and with what seemed to be almost superhuman strength, lifted them into position. He enlisted the aid of passers-by, however, to help lift the weightiest ones, which added to the wonderment of the next comers, who could not know how much he had been assisted. Scott says he settled on the land

THE BLACK DWARF'S COTTAGE

without asking or receiving permission, but was allowed to remain when discovered by the good-natured laird. William Chambers, however, who gave considerable study to the subject, says that the owner not only gave him possession of the ground rent-free, but instructed his servants to render such assistance as might be required.

The immediate occasion of building a house in this sequestered neighbourhood was the fact that Ritchie's painful sensitiveness about his ungainly appearance made it intolerable for him to remain in Edinburgh, whither he had gone to learn the trade of brush-making. Whatever instinct guided him to Manor Water, he could scarcely have found anywhere in Scotland a location better adapted to his requirements.

Here the good part of his nature asserted itself — for there is good in every human being, if only the key can be discovered that unlocks the secret chambers. The poor misshapen dwarf found his in the cultivation of a little garden, shut out from an unsympathetic world by a stone wall of his own construction. Within this sacred enclosure a profusion of flowers rankly unfolded their beauties to his eyes and shrank not from his touch. He had contrived to obtain some rare exotics and to learn their scientific names. He planted fruit trees in his garden and surrounded his little house with willows and mountain ashes, until he had converted it into a fairy bower. He found pleasure and profit in the raising of vegetables, and even cultivated certain medicinal herbs which he sold or gave to the neighbours. He also supplied some of the gentlemen of the vicinity with honey and took great delight in the care of his bees. A

cat, a dog, and a goat completed the roll of his best-loved companions.

Besides the pleasure he took in the contemplation of his own garden, Ritchie was an ardent admirer of the natural beauty of the country which he had chosen for his home. 'The soft sweep of the green hill, the bubbling of a clear fountain or the complexities of a wild thicket, were scenes on which he often gazed for hours and, as he said, with inexpressible delight.' He felt that sense of rest and refreshment from the contemplation of nature which Bryant has so finely expressed: —

> To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language: for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings, with a mild
> And healing sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

To this great comfort, the poor misanthrope added another — the reading of good books. He was fond of the history of Wallace, Bruce, and other Scottish heroes, and he also had a love of poetry. Scott speaks of his familiarity with 'Paradise Lost' and says he has heard 'his most unmusical voice repeat the celebrated description of Paradise, which he seemed fully to appreciate.' Though not a man of orthodox religious beliefs, he would occasionally speak of the future life with great earnestness and on such occasions would sometimes burst into tears. He had chosen a wild and beautiful spot on a neighbouring hillside for the place of his burial. It was covered with green ferns and enclosed with a circle of his favourite rowan or mountain ash, planted with his

own hands, partly because of their beauty, but largely on account of their potency in guarding the grave against evil spirits. He haughtily expressed great abhorrence of being interred in the parish churchyard with what he contemptuously called the 'common brush,' but in the last moments his heart became softened towards his fellow men, his antipathies relaxed, and his final wish was that he might be buried with his fathers.

The writing of a novel based upon a character so grotesque and repellent was not well suited to a man of Scott's wholesome and genial temperament. He soon tired of it, and indeed the only satisfaction he got out of it was in presenting the better side of the Black Dwarf's nature. He came in time to agree with the criticism of the publisher, William Blackwood, to which at first he had strenuously objected, and the novel, originally intended to be in two volumes, was crowded into one and hurried to an end, thereby producing a narrative, as the author facetiously remarked in later years, 'as much disproportioned and distorted as the Black Dwarf, who is its subject.'

CHAPTER XII

OLD MORTALITY

In the grounds of the Observatory at Maxwelltown, across the river from Dumfries, is a small pavilion, enclosing two sculptured figures. One represents an old Scotchman, half reclining on a tombstone, a chisel in his left hand and a mallet resting by his side; the other is a pony, apparently waiting for his master to arise. The sculptures were the work of a local artist. They were disposed of by lottery to a young man, who died by accident the next day, and they are here deposited as a curious 'memorial to departed worth.'

The figures, thus used as a monument to the man who chanced to own them, were intended to represent a very different person. 'Old Mortality' and his pony were familiar to the people of Dumfriesshire and other parts of Scotland for more than forty years. His real name, as is well known, was Robert Paterson. He was a mason or stone-cutter by trade, who operated a small quarry. In middle life he became so thoroughly imbued with the religious enthusiasm of the Cameronians, of which austere sect he was a zealous member, that he felt impelled to desert his wife and five children, in order that he might perform the duty which, he conceived, had devolved upon him. This was to travel about the country and repair the gravestones of the martyred Covenanters. He would clear off the moss from the old stones and recut the half-defaced inscriptions, doing this often in

remote and almost inaccessible recesses of the mountains and moors. Scarcely a churchyard in Ayr, Galloway, or Dumfriesshire is without some evidences of his work.

In spite of his eccentricity there was a fine sincerity of purpose in the old man's devotion to his self-appointed task. He believed that each grave should serve as a warning to posterity to defend their religious faith, and he purposed to make every one, however obscure, a beacon light, so to speak, to proclaim to all the world the sufferings and devotion of the Covenanters, and thus to perpetuate the ideals for which they strove. However mistaken he may have been as to the wisdom of his methods, his calling was apparently as real to himself and as sincere as that of any minister of the Gospel. He was found dying on the highway one day in his eighty-sixth year, the little old white pony standing patiently by his side. Thus he wore out his life in the service of his religion, as truly devoted to it as any of the martyrs who perished on battle-field or scaffold. His grave is marked by an appropriate stone in the churchyard of Caerlaverock, south of Dumfries.

Scott, who once met the old man in the churchyard of Dunottar and saw him actually engaged in his usual task, sought an interview, but in spite of a good dinner and some liquid refreshments, which were quite acceptable, was unable to induce him to speak of his experiences. This was when the novelist was a young lawyer and long before he had thought of looking for materials for a novel.

'Old Mortality,' which many, including Lord Tennyson, have regarded as the greatest of Scott's novels, was

introduced to the public in a curious way. The real author, as usual, concealed his identity. The ostensible writer is Jedediah Cleishbotham, a schoolmaster, who in turn denies the actual authorship of the story, but claims to be merely the possessor of some posthumous papers of his late pupil, Peter Pattieson, who has only transcribed some tales he had heard from the landlord of Wallace Inn. Even the landlord was not original, for he received his information from the lips of 'Old Mortality.' Thus, by a circuitous route, the novelist derives this lengthy but extremely interesting tale from old Robert Paterson, whom he never saw but once, and then failed to make him talk!

After the Introduction and the first chapter, in which 'Old Mortality' is briefly presented, we hear no more of him. In this respect the novel irresistibly reminds me of the celebrated American humourist, who advertised his lecture on 'Milk.' When his usual large audience had assembled, he would step to the front of the platform and pour out, from a pitcher conveniently provided for the purpose, a glass of milk, which he would drink with great deliberation before uttering a word. The lecture then followed in which he kept his hearers convulsed with laughter, but there was never a word about milk.

Three events, all within the space of two months, form the historical basis of 'Old Mortality.' These are the murder of Archbishop Sharp on May 3, 1679, the skirmish at Drumclog on June 1, and the battle of Bothwell Bridge, June 22. It was during the era of the persecution, in the reign of Charles II, of the Scottish Covenanters, who persistently resisted the 'Conventicle Act' forbidding the gathering of more than five persons for

religious worship, except in accordance with the Established Church. James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, had incurred the hatred of the Covenanters by selfishly betraying the Scottish Kirk. An attempt upon his life was made in 1668 by Robert Mitchell, who was not arrested until six years later. He confessed under Sharp's personal promise of pardon, but was sent to Bass Island, where he remained a prisoner without trial for four years. Sharp then denied his promise, though it was proved by the court records, and demanded Mitchell's death. His base action met with speedy revenge. While driving with his daughter he was set upon by a party of nine men and put to death with the most atrocious cruelty.

The real leader in this murder was John Balfour of Burley, one of the fiercest and most fanatical of the proscribed sect. Though he professed the utmost religious fervour, Burley was more noted for the violence and zeal with which he undertook the most desperate enterprises and for his courage and skill with the sword. The murder of Sharp aroused the Government to new activities and no less stimulated the zeal of the Covenanters. Burley and a handful of his followers openly defied their enemies. On the anniversary of the Restoration, May 29, they interrupted the holiday, which they considered 'presumptuous and unholy.' They rode into the town of Rutherglen, extinguished the bonfires in honour of the day, burned the acts of Parliament for the suppression of the conventicles and other obnoxious laws, and concluded their 'solemn testimony' with prayer and psalms.

Three days later a conventicle was held near Loudon

Hill, at which no doubt sermons like those of Gabriel Kettledrummle and Habakkuk Mucklewrath were preached with fiery vehemence. The Covenanters seemed to depend upon their religious enthusiasm, for they were poorly armed and badly organized. Men and women who had no arms marched out to battle, relying upon 'the spirit given forth from the Lord.' They did not wait to be attacked, but advanced eastward about two miles from Loudon Hill to the farm of Drumclog, singing psalms all the way. Whether by accident or design they made their stand on peculiarly favourable ground behind a marsh too soft to support the weight of cavalry. As it was covered with green herbage and only a few yards in width, the attacking party, led by John Grahame of Claverhouse, did not know of its existence.

'No quarter' was the word passed along on both sides. Claverhouse and his dragoons, despising their foe, dashed down the declivity. The horses' feet were entangled in the marsh and the ranks thrown into confusion. The Covenanters, seizing the opportunity for which they had waited, made a spirited attack and completely routed the cavalry, Claverhouse himself having a narrow escape. Thirty-six dragoons were killed, while the victors lost only three. The successful skirmish aroused tremendous enthusiasm among the Covenanters, and had they been able to maintain harmony in their own ranks, might have led to a serious rebellion.

It did lead to the battle of Bothwell Bridge which took place on the 22d of the same month, June, 1679. The Government leader was the Duke of Monmouth, who was anxious to preserve peace and avoid bloodshed.

The more moderate of the insurgents sent a message offering terms upon which they would surrender. The Duke offered to interpose with the King on their behalf, provided they would first lay down their arms. The Cameronians violently opposed the moderate policy and favoured a fierce and even desperate resistance. While they were debating the question, the sound of the enemy's guns broke in upon them. In their disorganized condition, the cause of the Covenanters was hopeless and the Government gained an easy victory. Claverhouse rode at the head of his own troop, who were thus able to avenge the disgraceful defeat at Drumclog.

It was the portrait of John Grahame of Claverhouse, hanging in the library of Abbotsford, which, according to Lockhart, first suggested the idea of the novel. Joseph Train had called to present the purse of Rob Roy and 'a fresh heap of traditionary gleanings, which he had gathered among the tale-tellers of his district.' Noticing the handsome features revealed by the portrait of a man whom most Scotchmen regarded as 'a ruffian desperado, who rode a goblin horse, was proof against shot, and in league with the Devil,' Train expressed his surprise. After Scott had defended his hero's character, Train, always alive to the possibilities of a new story, asked whether he might not 'be made, in good hands, the hero of a national romance, as interesting as any about either Wallace or Prince Charlie.' Upon receiving the novelist's conditional assent, Train resumed: 'And what if the story were to be delivered as if from the mouth of "Old Mortality?"' Train then told what he knew of old Paterson, offering to learn more and report later. Though Scott did not mention it at the time, the

conversation recalled his earlier meeting with Paterson, and led to the immediate writing of the novel.

The scenery of 'Old Mortality' required us to explore the course of the river Clyde for almost its entire length. This picturesque stream rises in the high country near Moffat. An old rhyme, as repeated to us by a native of Moffat, runs thus: —

> Evan, Annan, Tweed and Clyde
> All flow out from ae hillside.

In its short course of less than seventy-five miles to the Firth of Clyde at Dumbarton, it descends toward the sea by leaps and bounds, forming a series of beautiful cataracts. The highest and most famous of these is Corra Linn where Wordsworth composed a poem, inspired by the sight of Wallace's Tower. Here the river takes a triple plunge over the rocks for a distance of eighty-four feet. Not less imposing is Stonebyres Linn, below the city of Lanark, where the fall is seventy-six feet.

Following the downward course of the stream we came to the ruins of Craignethan Castle, at the juncture of the Nethan with the Clyde. 'A crag above the river Nethan' is the literal meaning of the name. This is Tillietudlem, the castle which Scott made the residence of Lady Bellenden and her granddaughter, Edith. A ravine under the old castle of Lanark, near by, known as Gillytudlem, no doubt suggested the name.

In the autumn of 1799, while on a visit to Lord Douglas at Bothwell Castle, on the Clyde, Scott made an excursion to Craignethan and, as he afterwards said, immediately fell in love with it so much that he wanted to live there. Lord Douglas offered him the use for life

CRAIGNETHAN CASTLE (TILLIETUDLEM)

of a very good house at one corner of the court. It was built in 1665 and we found it still in excellent repair. Scott did not at once decline the offer, but circumstances made it impossible to accept. That he made a very careful examination of the ruin, however, is shown by the unusually accurate descriptions.

The castle stands on a high rock, reached by a long road through the woods, by the side of a deep glen. I climbed some stairways through a corner of the building which still remains intact, and stood on the ruined battlement from which Major Bellenden valiantly defended the castle. Here I had a fine view over the tree-tops and could see the village of Braidwood, two miles away; but the road over which Lady Bellenden saw the troops approaching was not visible to my eyes.

From this point also I had a good view of the court, which I could fancy almost filled with a motley crowd of soldiers, domestic servants, and retainers, including the bluff and stout-hearted Sergeant Bothwell, who died 'hoping nothing, believing nothing — and fearing nothing'; the intrepid Tam Halliday; the infamous Inglis; the old drunken cavaliering butler, John Gudyill; the faithful ploughman, Cuddie Headrigg, with his sweetheart, Jenny Dennison; and even poor little half-witted Goose Gibbie, muffled in a big buff coat, 'girded rather *to* than *with* the sword of a full-grown man,' his feeble legs 'plunged into jack-boots' and a steel cap on his head so big as completely to extinguish him. In the centre of the court is the entrance gate, formerly the chapel; on the right a watch-tower and stable, and on the left the very substantial house now occupied by the keeper's family, to which I have referred.

The keeper next conducted me to the rear of the castle, where he pointed out a well-preserved square tower below which the ground slopes at a sharp angle to the river's edge. The lower part was used as a dungeon, where we may suppose Henry Morton to have been confined. It was once occupied by a nobleman of real life, who, not so fortunate as the hero of the novel, was led away to execution. Above the dungeon was the kitchen and pantry, with windows perhaps twenty feet above the ground. At the corner there was once an old yew, the stump of which may still be seen.

Readers of 'Old Mortality' will recall that during the siege of the castle, Cuddie Headrigg, though an old servant, found himself with the opposing army. With five or six companions he found his way to the rear, where there was less danger, and proceeded to attempt to capture the stronghold by climbing the tree and gaining access through the window of the pantry. All might have gone well had it not been for the fact that Jenny Dennison had chosen the pantry as the safest place of retreat. When, therefore, Cuddie's figure appeared at the window, clad in the steel cap and buff coat which had belonged to Sergeant Bothwell, Jenny not only failed to recognize her lover, but was terribly frightened. With an hysteric scream she rushed to the kitchen, where she had hung on the fire a pot of kail-brose (a kind of vegetable stew), having promised to prepare Tam Halliday his breakfast. Seizing the pot and still screaming, she jumped to the window and poured the whole scalding contents upon the head and shoulders of the unfortunate Cuddie, thus 'conferring upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands

had so lately been in the act of preparing for the stomach of another.'

I had great difficulty in photographing this tower. The declivity was so steep that it was almost impossible either to place the tripod in proper position or to find a footing from which to look into the camera. While in the midst of my preparations the keeper informed me casually that a man had fallen down the slope three weeks before and broken his neck. With this encouragement, I persevered and was finally able to obtain what I believe to be one of the best evidences of the accuracy with which Scott often made his investigations and subsequent descriptions.

On one of our excursions from Melrose, we followed the course of the Yarrow, from its junction with the Ettrick to its source in St. Mary's Loch; then continuing to the southwest, we traced the course of Moffat Water, which forms the outlet of the Loch of the Lowes, to a point just above the place where the stream meets the Evan and the Annan; then turning westward and passing through the town of Moffat, we followed the course of the Tweed northward and eastward from its source to our starting-place. For a large part of this drive, we were in wild, desolate regions, which presented to us, we were well assured, exactly the same aspect as they did to Sir Walter Scott, and to the Covenanters a century or more before his time. From St. Mary's Loch to Moffat and from the latter northward for at least fifteen or twenty miles, we were in the very region where the Covenanters were wont to find a safe retreat from persecution.

Scott was fond of riding through these wild mountain

passes, and often did so with his friend, Skene, of Rubislaw, who has left an entertaining account of one of these expeditions: —

One of our earliest expeditions was to visit the wild scenery of the mountainous tract above Moffat, including the cascade of the Grey Mare's Tail and the dark tarn called Loch Skene. In our ascent to the lake we got completely bewildered in the thick fog which generally envelops the rugged features of that lovely region; and as we were groping through the maze of bogs, the ground gave way, and down went horse and horsemen pell-mell into a slough of peaty mud and black water, out of which, entangled as we were with our plaids and floundering nags, it was no easy matter to get extricated. Indeed, unless we had prudently left our gallant steeds at a farmhouse below and borrowed hill-ponies for the occasion, the result might have been worse than laughable. As it was, we rose like the spirits of the bogs, covered *cap-à-pie* with slime, to free themselves from which our wily ponies took to rolling about on the heather, and we had nothing for it but following their example. At length, as we approached the gloomy loch, a huge eagle heaved himself from the margin and rose right over us, screaming his scorn of the intruders; and altogether it would be impossible to picture anything more desolately savage than the scene which opened, as if raised by enchantment on purpose to gratify the poet's eye, thick clouds of fog rolling incessantly over the face of the inky waters, but rent asunder, now in one direction and then in another — so as to afford us a glimpse of some projecting rock or naked point of land, or island bearing a few scraggy stumps of pine — and then closing again in universal darkness upon the cheerless waste. Much of the scenery of 'Old Mortality' was drawn from that day's ride.

James Hogg, who conducted the party on that day, says: —

I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which if not rode by Clavers, as reported, never was rode by

another gentleman. . . . Sir Walter, in the very worst paths, never dismounted save at Loch Skene to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met with Lady Scott and Sophia and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were to him matters of infinite merriment.

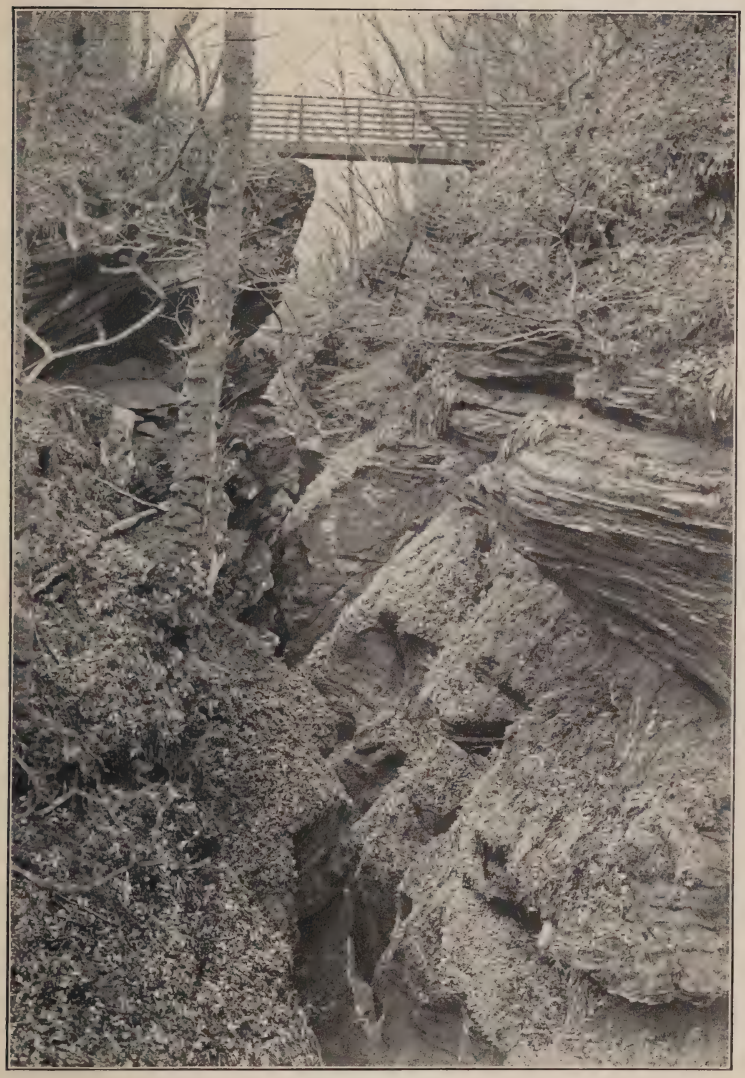
The Grey Mare's Tail is a waterfall three or four hundred feet in height, forming the outlet of Loch Skene. It is a narrow stream and the water comes boiling and bubbling in foamy whiteness over the ruggedest of rocks and through the wildest of ravines.

I am inclined to think that Scott, in striving to find a retreat for Balfour, or Burley, poetically in keeping with the stern, fierce, and dangerous character of that terrible individual, combined the awesome features of the Grey Mare's Tail with the wild beauty of another ravine which he had visited. The latter is the deep gulch known as Crichope Linn, near the village of Closeburn, north of Dumfries. A narrow stream, flowing through a thick wood, has cut a deep chasm in the solid rock, through which the water has carved many curious channels. One of these is called 'Hell's Cauldron,' where the water has worn a deep round hole, through which it rushes with terrific force. Near by is the Soutar's Seat, so called from the legend that a 'soutar' or cobbler used to conceal himself there to mend the shoes of the Covenanters.

I had the pleasure of walking up the stream to the falls through the wet woods, in a rainstorm, without a guide. The loneliness of my situation, — for I did not encounter a soul on the journey, — added to the mist in the atmosphere, gave an impression, which I might

not otherwise have had, of the absolute security of such a hiding-place. I tried to fancy old Burley appearing at some opening in the rocks and myself leaping across the chasm, as did Henry Morton, to get out of his way. I was not obliged to attempt any such feat. But I felt that a visit to this strange locality had given me a better idea of the closing scenes of the novel than I had ever had before.

'Old Mortality' will always be remembered for its animated picture of the Covenanters and the conditions under which they lived. It was an era of perverted sentiment in politics and religion. The times were 'out of joint' more truly than in the days of Hamlet. A powerful and tyrannical Government was exhibiting cowardly fear of a small minority of determined people, who demanded only the rights that had been previously guaranteed. A policy of intolerant persecution prevailed. The bullies of the Government laughed to scorn the more statesmanlike propositions of moderation and fair dealing. Under these conditions a helpless and miserable people found their strength in an underlying perception of the truth and justice of their cause. They were exhibiting that quality which, from Magna Charta to the present time, has come to the front at every crisis in the history of Britain and America and is at the root of the power of the Anglo-Saxon race — the quality of earnest and sincere faith in the right of man to civil liberty and religious freedom. If, in the excess of their enthusiasm, these people became bigoted and intolerant, and if their frenzied reading of the Scriptures enabled them to find texts to justify every sort of deed of violence and cruelty, the harsh measures of a corrupt,



CRICHOPE LINN

selfish, and incompetent Government would at least explain the unhappy conditions.

Scott's marvellous imagination enabled him to reanimate the people of this excited period. In Habakkuk Mucklewrath we have the extreme of crazy religious fervor and in Balfour of Burley the perfect embodiment of that brute force which was so strangely blended with pious ideals. Henry Morton, the hero of the tale, whose lot is cast with the Covenanters, is out of place in the picture, but he sufficiently typifies that class who were opposed to the extreme measures of the Cameronians.

On the Government side, Claverhouse, to whom Scott endeavours to do justice, General Dalzell, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Duke of Lauderdale are pictured, fairly enough, in the colours of history.

Scott's treatment of the Covenanters aroused great controversy, some of their admirers taking him to task in severe terms for his alleged lack of fairness. Whatever may be said on this point, there is no doubt that he touches the true sublimity of their faith in his account of the torture and death of the Reverend Ephraim Macbriar. The dauntless preacher was brought before the Privy Council and interrogated by the Duke of Lauderdale. Refusing to reply to an important question, he was dramatically confronted with the ghastly apparition of the public executioner and his horrible implements of torture.

'Do you know who that man is?' said Lauderdale in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

'He is, I suppose,' replied Macbriar, 'the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard;

and, I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may shed tears, or send forth cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the rock of ages.'

By the Duke's command the executioner then advanced and placed before the prisoner an iron case called the Scottish boot, so constructed that it would enclose the leg and knee of the victim with a tight fit. An iron wedge and a mallet completed the equipment. This wedge, when placed between the knee and the unyielding iron frame, and struck a sharp blow with the mallet, was calculated to inflict the most excruciating pain.

Macbriar faced the implement without flinching, while the executioner asked in harsh, discordant tones which leg he should take first.

'Since you leave it to me,' said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, 'take the best — I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer.'

Here Scott makes use of the actual words of James Mitchell, who suffered similar torture for his attempt on the life of Archbishop Sharp.

When Macbriar was led to his execution, he thanked the Council for his sentence and forgave them, saying: —

And why should I not? — Ye send me to a happy exchange — to the company of angels and spirits of the just, for that of frail dust and ashes. — Ye send me from darkness into day — from mortality to immortality — and in a word, from earth to heaven! If the thanks therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!

And thus, 'his countenance radiant with joy and triumph,' he was led to his execution, 'dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.'

The book which contains this superb presentation of a thrilling epoch of Scottish history is justly termed, by Lockhart, the Marmion of the Waverley Novels.

CHAPTER XIII

ROB ROY

An old flintlock gun of extreme length, with silver plate containing the initials R. M. C.; a fine Highland broadsword, with the highly prized Andrea Ferrara mark on the blade; a dirk two feet long, with carved handle and silver-mounted sheath; a *skene dhu*, or black knife, a short thick weapon of the kind used in the Highlands for dispatching game or other servile purposes for which it would be a profanation to use the dirk; a well-worn brown leather purse; and a *sporran*, with semicircular clasp and secret lock, which for a century has defied the ingenuity of all who have attempted to open it, are among the treasures of Abbotsford. They were all once the property of Robert MacGregor Campbell, or Rob Roy, the famous 'Robin Hood of the Highlands.'

When I was permitted to take the long old-fashioned gun into my own hands and to test its weight by carrying the butt to my shoulder and casting my eye over the long octagonal barrel, I could not help feeling that Rob Roy was a far less mythical person than his prototype of the Forest of Sherwood.

Rob Roy was, indeed, a very real person, as the Duke of Montrose knew to his sorrow, but the stories of his exploits are so strange, and at the same time so fascinating, that it is difficult to determine where biography ends and pure fiction begins. The MacGregor clan to which he belonged had been for three hundred years the victims

of gross injustice. David II, the son of Robert Bruce, began the oppression by wrongfully bestowing their lands upon the rival clan of the Campbells. The MacGregors were forced to a struggle for self-preservation, and manfully fought to maintain their rights, exhibiting extraordinary courage and endurance. But their acts of heroism and self-defence were construed at court as evidences of lawlessness and rebellion. Strenuous efforts were made to suppress them, but all such attempts were met with fiery vindictiveness. Each act of violence led to one of vengeance. The clan came to be regarded as a fierce and untameable race of outlaws. Rendered savage and cruel by a treatment which left no lawful means of obtaining a livelihood, pursued with fire and sword by the leaders of powerful neighbouring clans, whose subjects were forbidden to give them food or shelter, the MacGregors were driven to desperation. Violent deeds of retaliation occurred which no amount of provocation would justify. Murders, outrages, and bloody skirmishes were of frequent occurrence. These conflicts reached a terrible crisis in the battle of Glenfruin, fought on the shores of Loch Lomond with the powerful clan of Colquhoun, of whom two hundred or three hundred were slaughtered, many of them being killed without reason after the battle was over.

One of the leaders of the MacGregors, who was accused, perhaps unjustly, of murdering a party of clerical students who had merely stopped to witness the fight, was Dugald Ciar Mohr, the 'great mouse-coloured man,' so called from the colour of his face and hair. He was a man of ferocious character and enormous strength, and was one of the ancestors of Rob Roy.

This event led to various Acts of Council, proscribing the MacGregors as outlaws, prohibiting them from carrying weapons, and forbidding them even to meet together in groups of more than four. The very name of the clan was abolished, and any one who should call himself either Gregor or MacGregor was made liable to suffer the penalty of death.

Rob Roy was the product of these long years of relentless persecution and retaliation. His family occupied the mountain ranges between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, where they possessed considerable property. The date of his birth is uncertain, but it was probably 1660 or 1661. In the latter year, through the orders of King Charles II, the acts against the MacGregors were annulled and their name restored. The king, however, could not annul the effects of three centuries of civil warfare and vengeful retribution, nor prevent Rob Roy from inheriting some of the traits of his 'mouse-coloured' ancestor. Rob is described as a man of medium height, but of extraordinary strength. His powers of endurance were greater than those of any other member of his clan. His arms were said to be seven inches longer than those of the average man. This gave him a great advantage with the broadsword, which he could wield with uncommon skill and effectiveness. His head was covered with a shock of thick, curly red hair, from which fact he derived his name, Rob Roy, or Rob the Red. He had keen, flashing, grey eyes and a firm mouth, which betokened a man with whom it would be dangerous to trifle, but these features could be frank, cheerful, and full of kindness when among his friends. He had none of the ferocity or cruelty of that ancestor whose

great powers he seemed to have inherited. On the contrary, though bold in the execution of his purposes, he avoided unnecessary bloodshed. Though driven by fate to the life of an outlaw, he was a man of humane instincts and under happier circumstances might have been a public benefactor.

This is the explanation of his extraordinary success in eluding pursuit. His kindliness of disposition and friendly helpfulness had raised up friends in every part of the country. In this respect he was like Robin Hood. He struck at the rich and powerful when they molested him, but to the poor he was generous and helpful. He was a kind and gentle robber, who carried a sense of humour into his boldest outrages, and contrived to take the property of his rich enemy without molesting the latter's poor tenants, usually managing to make the victim ridiculous in the eyes of his associates.

Again and again the Duke of Montrose sent expeditions after him, but invariably some friend of Rob's carried the news to him well in advance or sent the Duke's people off in a wrong direction, so that they were always either disgracefully defeated or hopelessly bewildered. Meanwhile, Rob would be pretty sure to appear unexpectedly at some point on the Duke's estate and sweep away everything in sight. Each new failure brought added wrath to the Duke, which the satirical remarks of his companions did not tend to soften.

When Montrose deprived MacGregor of his lands of Craigroyston, along the eastern shore of Loch Lomond, Rob had no redress in the courts, but he managed to square accounts pretty well by driving off annually large numbers of the Duke's cattle, and collecting rents,

for which he invariably gave receipts. He made Craigroyston unbearable for any one who attempted to live there, until finally a Mr. Graham of Killearn, the Duke's factor, took possession. This was exactly what Rob Roy wanted, for Graham was the man who, in MacGregor's absence, had burned the house of the latter at Balquhidder and brutally thrust his wife out of doors in a cold winter night. Rob ever after regarded him with fierce vindictiveness. Graham's cattle mysteriously disappeared time after time until Craigroyston became unbearable for him also.

Rob had a queer way of appearing suddenly in places where he was least expected. One day when Graham was drinking at a tavern and angrily relating his troubles to a chance acquaintance, he exclaimed, 'Gin God or the de'il wad gie me a meeting wi' that thievin' loon, Rob Roy MacGregor, I 'd pay aff my score wi' him. But the villain aye keeps oot o' my road.' 'Here we are, then,' was the reply, 'whether it 's God or the de'il has brocht us thegether. Nae time like the noo, sir, for if ye 're Graham o' Killearn, I 'm Rob Roy MacGregor.' Graham did not stand on the order of his going, but made his exit by leaps and bounds until three long miles were put between him and 'that devil of a MacGregor.'

On one occasion Graham had called the tenants of a certain district to meet at a small house, according to custom, to pay their rent. Rob Rob, with a single attendant, whom he called 'the Bailie,' reached the house after dark, and looking through the window, saw Killearn with a bag of money in his hand and heard him say he would cheerfully give it all for Rob Roy's head. Rob instantly gave orders in a loud voice to place two

men at each window, two at each corner and four at each of the doors, as if he had twenty men. He and his attendant then walked boldly in, each with broadsword in his right hand and a pistol in his left, and a goodly display of dirks and pistols in their belts. He then coolly ordered Killearn to put the money on the table and count it, and to draw a proper receipt showing that he, Rob Roy, had received the money from the Duke of Montrose on account. Then, finding that some of the tenants had not been given receipts for their rent, he caused these to be drawn so that no poor man should suffer, after which he ordered supper for all present, for which he paid. When they had eaten their meal and drunk together for several hours, he called upon 'the Bailie' to produce his dirk and take the solemn oath of the factor that he would not move nor direct any one else to move out of the house for at least one hour. Pointing to the dirk to signify what the agent might expect if he broke his oath, Rob calmly walked away with the bag of money, which he considered rightfully his own, and was soon beyond pursuit. On another occasion MacGregor not only took possession of the rents which this same gentleman had collected, but also carried him away to a small island in the west end of Loch Katrine, where, after entertaining him five or six days, he dismissed his guest (or prisoner), returning all the books and papers, but taking good care to keep the cash.

The escape of Rob Roy from the Duke of Montrose was based upon an actual occurrence. He was surprised by Montrose and taken prisoner in the Braes of Balquhidder. He was then mounted behind a soldier named

James Stewart and secured by a horse-girth. In crossing a stream, probably the Forth at the Fords of Frew, MacGregor induced Stewart to give him a chance 'for auld acquaintance' sake.' Stewart, moved by compassion or possibly fear, slipped the girth-buckle and Rob, dropping off the horse, dived, swam below the surface, and finally escaped.

The novelist's acquaintance with the country of Rob Roy began in his sixteenth year, when with a military escort of a sergeant and six men, he first entered the Highlands. He was then a lawyer's clerk, and his object was to obtain possession of a certain small farm in the Braes of Balquhidder, known as Invernenty, to secure some debts due from the owner, Stewart of Appin. The farm had been a part of the property claimed by Rob Roy, and in the late years of the cateran's life there had been a great dispute over it with the Stewarts. The quarrel was finally adjusted and a family of MacLarens took possession as tenants of Stewart. After the death of Rob Roy, his son, Robin Oig, probably instigated by his mother, declared that if he could get possession of a certain gun of his father's, he would shoot MacLaren. He kept his word, using the weapon to which I have referred at the beginning of this chapter. The descendants of MacLaren remained on the farm and refused to leave. So long as they were there, the property could not be sold. It chanced that one of Scott's earliest legal undertakings was to secure the eviction of these undesirable tenants. When he arrived the house was empty, the MacLarens not caring to make any serious opposition.

The Kirk of Balquhidder, where Rob Roy made his

settlement with the Stewarts, stands at the foot of Loch Voil, a few miles off the main road from Callander to Lochearnhead. It is a small ivy-covered chapel, standing beneath the shadow of two large trees. In front is an iron railing, of recent construction, enclosing the graves of Rob Roy, his wife, Helen MacGregor, whose real name was Mary, and two of his sons. He died a natural death in 1734, at an age which has been variously stated as between seventy and eighty years.

The first appearance of Rob Roy in the novel is when under the name of Campbell (his mother's name, which he assumed, probably for prudential reasons), he makes the acquaintance of Mr. Frank Osbaldistone at the Black Bear of Darlington. Frank, it will be remembered, is on the way to his uncle's estate in Northumberland. There is little by which Osbaldistone Hall can be identified, but if geographical considerations count for anything, it is not improbable that Scott may have had in mind Chillingham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville. This is one of the places to which he refers in a letter written in the summer of 1791, as 'within the compass of a forenoon's ride,' from the farm in the Cheviot Hills, southwest of Wooler, where he was then staying. During that vacation excursion he became very familiar with all the surrounding country, an experience which doubtless had something to do with choosing Northumberland as the scene of an important part of the novel. Chillingham Castle is a fine type of the old baronial residence. It was designed by Inigo Jones, the famous architect of the seventeenth century, though portions of the building are still preserved which were built as early as the thirteenth century. It stands in a magnificent park of fif-

teen hundred acres, about two thirds of which is set apart for the accommodation of deer and wild cattle. The latter, almost the only descendants of the herds of savage wild cattle which once roamed the Caledonian forests, are famous throughout England and Scotland. Sir Walter refers to them in the 'Bride of Lammermoor' and again in a note to 'Castle Dangerous.' The present castle is a large square structure enclosing the walls of the older building. Entering the inner court, which is paved with stone, we came to what was once the front of the ancient structure, looking something like 'the inside of a convent or of one of the older and less splendid colleges of Oxford,' to quote from the description of Osbaldistone Hall. We were shown a large banqueting-room, now used as a library, which extends across the entire width of the building. Its walls were decorated, after the fashion of Osbaldistone, with many trophies of the chase, such as the heads of deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals, all shot by the present earl. But in this splendid apartment with its luxurious furnishings, there was little else to suggest the dingy old hall, with its stone floor and massive range of oaken tables, where the bluff old Sir Hildebrand and 'the happy compound of sot, gamekeeper, bully, horse-jockey, and fool,' which, with the addition of a highly educated villain, constituted his family, daily consumed huge quantities of meat and 'cups, flagons, bottles, yea, barrels of liquor.'

Frank Osbaldistone had nearly reached the entrance to his uncle's house when he met the beautiful Diana Vernon. Miss Cranstoun, afterwards the Countess of Purgstall, one of Scott's early friends in the social circles of Edinburgh, was thought by many to be the original

CHILLINGHAM CASTLE

of Diana, — a belief which she herself shared, chiefly because she was an expert horsewoman. Others have said that Scott's first love was the real Diana. But Miss Vernon is totally unlike either Margaret of Branksome or Matilda of Rokeby, both of whom were, to some extent, portraits of Miss Williamina Stuart. Moreover, in the unexpected meeting of a charming young woman on horseback, her long black hair streaming in the breeze, her animated face glowing with the exercise, and her costume attractively arranged in the most striking fashion, there is a strong suggestion of the circumstances to which I have previously referred,[1] under which the poet first met the future Lady Scott.

The next day after our visit to Chillingham we followed the footsteps of Frank Osbaldistone to Glasgow, where we soon found the cathedral to which Frank was conducted by Andrew Fairservice. It well justifies the old gardener's encomium: 'Ah! it's a brave kirk — none o' yere whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and open steek hems about it! — a' solid, weel-jointed masonwark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it.' A part of the present building was erected in 1175. It has been the scene of some important events in Scottish history. At Christmas of 1301, Edward I of England, on his campaign against Scotland, made offerings at the high altar. Five years later, Robert Bruce stood before the same altar and was there absolved for the murder of his rival, the Red Comyn, at Dumfries.

The cathedral is supported by sixty-five pillars, some of them eighteen feet in circumference. The effect of

[1] Chapter 1, page 17.

these huge masses is to throw the crypt into almost total darkness except in the parts near the narrow stained-glass windows. To make my photograph I set up the camera, opened the shutter, and left a workman to keep watch while I went to luncheon. Returning in an hour I shut off the exposure and realized later that two hours would have been better.

In this dark crypt it was formerly the custom to hold services. While standing in front of one of the huge pillars, listening to the sermon, Frank Osbaldistone heard the mysterious voice of Rob Roy, warning him that his life was in danger. Turning quickly he could see no one. I could never understand this scene until I saw the crypt. The large size of the pillars and the dense shadows which they cast would make it easy for one to disappear in the darkness as Rob Roy was supposed to do.

On High Street, Glasgow, we found an old tower, which was a part of the Tolbooth, where Rob Roy had his curious interview with Bailie Nicol Jarvie. The old Salt Market has changed greatly since the days of the good Bailie and his father, the deacon, and it is no longer necessary at night to be escorted along the city streets by a young maidservant with a lantern.

Rob Roy's parting injunction to Frank was 'forget not the clachan of Aberfoyle.' We therefore made it our business to find that interesting spot, combining it, as did Scott, with our investigation of the scenery of 'The Lady of the Lake.' The portion of the Scottish Highlands generally included in the so-called Rob Roy country comprises all that part of central Perthshire from Loch Ard and the river Forth on the south to Strath Fillan and Glen Dochart on the north, and from Loch

Lubnaig on the east to Loch Lomond on the west. This region, so easily accessible to us by means of carriages and automobiles, was in the time of Rob Roy not only difficult to approach, but exceedingly dangerous. The only highways of travel were narrow defiles through the mountains, easy enough, perhaps, for the experienced and hardy clansman, who knew every twist and turn of the paths, but as impassable to the unguided Lowlander or 'Sassenach' as the tablelands of Tibet.

Frank Osbaldistone and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, guided by the officious and rascally, but always laughable, Andrew Fairservice, are supposed to enter the hamlet of Aberfoyle by crossing an old stone bridge over the Forth. It is the bridge which Scott doubtless crossed when he visited the place, and is still standing, but it had not been built in the time of Rob Roy. That, however, was one of those details which never interested Sir Walter to any great extent.

We approached from the opposite direction, driving over the hills from the Trossachs and pausing just above the village to view the splendid valley to the westward, the termination of which was the mountain peak of Ben Lomond. Arriving at Aberfoyle, we were fortunately spared the necessity of stopping at an inn such as the novelist describes, where the worthy Bailie valiantly defended himself against a too aggressive Highlander, by wielding a red-hot poker so vigorously as to burn a hole in his opponent's plaid. But the enterprising landlord of the modern hotel near the bridge capitalizes the incident by exhibiting the *identical poker*, which he has attached to the limb of a tree, thereby recalling Scott's story of the keeper of a museum who showed the very

sword with which Balaam was about to kill his ass. A visitor interrupted him with the remark that Balaam did not possess a sword; he only wished for one. 'True, sir,' was the ready reply, 'but this is the very sword he wished for.'

There are two groups of old cottages in Aberfoyle, corresponding closely with those described in the novel.

> The miserable little *bourocks* (or heap of rocks) as the Bailie termed them, of which about a dozen formed the village called the clachan of Aberfoyle, were composed of loose stones, cemented by clay instead of mortar, and thatched by tufts, laid rudely upon rafters formed of native and unhewn birches and oaks from the woods around. The roofs approached the ground so nearly, that Andrew Fairservice observed, we might have ridden over the village the night before, and never found out we were near it, unless our horses' feet had 'gane through the riggin'.'

About half a mile from the bridge, which is the exact distance referred to in the novel, we found the largest of these clachans, which bore a very striking resemblance to the one described by Scott, even to the squalor of its surroundings, for it is still inhabited at one end, though the other is in ruins. But by way of compensation, the miserable hovel, with the high bleak hills in the background, made a strikingly picturesque view, not differing greatly from that which met the eyes of Rob Roy himself, whenever his 'business' brought him to that locality.

Following the road to the westward, we came to some cliffs on the north shore of Loch Ard, near the foot of the lake, which are pointed out as the place where Bailie Nicol Jarvie found himself suspended by the coat-tails

from the projecting branches of a thorn-tree, dangling in mid-air 'not unlike the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a mercer in the Trongate of his native city.'

The beauty of the lake as it appears from this road, and particularly from the point where Ben Lomond looms high in the distance, fully justifies the novelist's enthusiasm. The 'huge grey rocks and shaggy banks' are neither so high nor so wild as they are described, nor did we find an elevation from which Helen MacGregor might have pitched the miserable Morris headlong into the lake. Indeed, had we been able to look backward through the mists of two centuries and see the famous Helen herself, we should doubtless have discovered that she, too, was much less 'wild' than she has been painted. Scott represents her as a virago, fiercely inspiring her husband and sons to deeds of bloody vengeance. The real name of Rob Roy's wife was Mary. Mr. A. H. Miller, in his 'History of Rob Roy,' thinks she has been sadly misrepresented. 'Mary MacGregor,' says he, 'was of a gentle and amiable disposition, one who never meddled in the political schemes of her husband, and whose virtues were of the domestic order.'

Scott's fondness for the little waterfall of Lediard, north of Loch Ard, to which I have already referred in connection with 'Waverley,' led him to introduce it again in 'Rob Roy.' It was the place chosen by Rob's wife and followers as 'a scene well calculated to impress strangers with some feelings of awe,' and here Helen MacGregor presented to Frank Osbaldistone the ring of Diana Vernon as the love-token of one from whom he believed himself separated forever.

The two sections of the Rob Roy country which the cateran most frequented, were the eastern shores of Loch Lomond and the valley where Loch Voil nestles calmly among the hills, known as the Braes of Balquhidder. After Rob was driven away from Craigroyston, on the margin of Loch Lomond, he made his headquarters for many years at Fort Inversnaid, on the high land, about two miles east of the lake.

The story of how Rob Roy took possession of this place stamps him as a modern Ulysses as well as a Robin Hood. The Government authorized the building of the fort on Rob's own land, as a means of guarding the district from his depredations. The crafty cateran, learning from some of his numerous spies all about the plans well in advance, took good care to see that none of his clansmen interfered in the least, so that all the material for the fort, including ample supplies, guns, and ammunition, were brought up without molestation. The contractor, happy in the thought that the peaceful state of the country had enabled him to complete his task promptly, dismissed most of his men and prepared to turn the property over to the Duke of Montrose. One evening, in the midst of a heavy snowstorm, a knocking was heard at the gate. In response to inquiry, a voice said that a poor pedlar had lost his way in the snow. The gate was opened, and Rob Roy at the head of a strong force, rushed in and took possession. The fort made an excellent vantage-ground from which he harried his enemies for many years.

Just below the fort, the little river which forms the outlet of Loch Arklet joins the Snaid, and finally tumbles over the cliff in a beautiful little cascade, known as

LOCH LOMOND FROM INVERSNAID

Inversnaid Falls. About two miles to the north, well hidden among the rocks, is a cave which Rob Roy was sometimes compelled to use as a hiding-place. It was visited by Walter Scott and introduced in the story of 'Waverley' as the cave of Donald Bean Lean, but he refrained from mentioning it in 'Rob Roy.'

Scott never felt quite satisfied with this novel, although he did remark in a letter to John Richardson, 'I really think I may so far do some good by giving striking and, to the best of my information and abilities, correct likenesses of characters long since passed away.' As a presentation of the real character of one of the most picturesque and interesting of all Highlanders, as well as a superb word-painting of the conditions under which men lived in the country and the time of Rob Roy, the novel possesses a genuine value. Scott's discontent with it arose from the hard conditions under which it was written. In a letter to Daniel Terry, dated March 29, 1817, he says, referring to it, 'I have made some progress in *ye ken what*, but not to my satisfaction; it smells of the cramp, and I must get it into better order before sending it to you.' After the book was published, he used the same expression in a letter to Morritt. Lady Louisa Stuart, one of Scott's most valued friends, who wrote to him with perfect freedom, thought the end of the story indicated that the author was 'tired, and wanted to get rid of his personages as fast as he could, knocking them on the head without mercy.' There is certainly some justification in this when we consider that the old Baronet and five of his worthless sons are disposed of within three or four pages, while the last and worst of the lot, the traitorous Rashleigh, is put

out of the way two chapters later. On the other hand, the Squire and his family were always treated collectively, and as they were in the way it was just as well to get rid of them by wholesale. Of course, no good could come from letting the villain live. If this is a defect, or if there are any other faults in the novel, they are all redeemed by the happy picture of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, one of the most original as well as delightful of all the company of actors in the Waverley Novels,—'a carefu' man, as is weel kend, and industrious as the hale town can testify; and I can win my crowns, and keep my crowns, and count my crowns wi' ony body in the Saut-Market, or it may be in the Gallowgate. And I'm a prudent man, as my father the deacon was before me.' The poor bailie never could (and neither can the reader) forget how he must have looked when he hung head down from the thorn tree in the Pass of Aberfoyle: 'And abune a', though I am a decent, sponsible man, when I am on my right end, I canna but think I maun hae made a queer figure without my hat and my periwig, hinging by the middle like bawdrons, or a cloak flung over a cloak-pin. Bailie Graham wad hae an unco hair in my neck and he got that tale by the end.'

Charles Mackay, the famous actor, made the hit of his career in his rendition of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and the dramatization of the novel enjoyed a remarkable popularity for many years.

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